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THE BOOKMAN

A Review of Books and Life

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THE BOOKMAN

A REVIEW OF BOOKS AND LIFE

AUGUST, 1918

THE ALAN SEEGER I KNEW

BY WALTER ADOLPHE ROBERTS

WHENEVER I chance to read that the Foreign Legion has been in action, poignant memories of mobilisation in Paris revive—the wave of wrath against Germany that sent twenty thousand aliens in a single day to the recruiting office in the Hôtel des Invalides; the march of the American contingent, cheered by men, kissed by crying women, on its way to Rouen, to go into training.

They called themselves, these Americans, the Corps of the rue de Valois, because they had organised in a room in the east arcade of the Palais Royal. They numbered two hundred and one, of whom less than thirty were surviving last winter. On August 25, 1914, they lunched at the Café de la Régence, then filed up the avenue de l'Opera, and by way of the rue Auber to the Gare St. Lazare. As a guest and the friend of many who were going, I had a place in the last rank. I can never forget the flags, the flowers, the thousands of fluttering handkerchiefs. I still see the courtly old Parisian, a veteran of the war of 1870, perhaps, who rose from the *terrasse* of the Café de la Paix and doffed his silk hat to the little column, crying, "Gentlemen, France thanks you!"

All types were represented among the volunteers. There were artists who had lived in Paris half their lives, business men and students, a number of adventurers. But the dominating figure was that of a poet —the young Alan Seeger, whose destiny it was to find nearly two years later at Belloy-en-Santerre the only kind of fame he desired, in the only way that could fully satisfy his extraordinary ego.

Seeger's service and death in the Legion remains one of the most romantic incidents of the war. It looms larger in France's debt of gratitude toward this country than all the billion-dollar loans that have been, or may yet be, advanced. This may astonish the average American, who has possibly read the *Rendezvous with Death*, or the *Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France*, and dismissed them with more or less appreciative comment. But in France, poetry is held in higher honour, and a foreign poet bleeding under the Tricolour is a heroic figure, whose sacrifice can

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never be adequately repaid to the land that sent him.

Richepin has translated some of Seeger's verses into French and called others "too beautiful to admit of translation." Laurels have been piled high about the American's grave. Paris has decided to erect a statue to him in the Latin Quarter, where he had passed his happiest days before the war.

Let us consider, then, for a page or two, the life and temperament of this poet who, in his own words:

> . . . not unmindful of the antique debt,
> Came back the generous path of Lafayette.

I knew Alan Seeger, if anyone could be said really to have known him. Although a friend of several years' standing, I was not exempted from the haughty reserve which it appeared to be his rule of life to maintain toward all mankind. He may, of course, outside of our circle, have had special intimates before whom he deigned completely to unbend. It is said that he formed at least one bosom friendship in the Legion.

But the Alan Seeger I knew in Paris and New York was a poet of an ivory tower, prouder than Lucifer, contemptuous of whether the average run of humanity approved either of his verse or of his personality, and loving France as the only country worthy, in this materialistic age, of anyone's affection.

To tell the truth, his assumption of what can best be described as intellectual aristocracy, was a little irritating. His work in the early days did not justify it. Some odes and descriptive poems about Mexico, overcharged with romanticism; a juvenile lyric or two; a few sonnets, which exhibited a fine feeling for form. That was all. On reaching Paris, he began to write more sophisticated verses, however, striking an authentic note of genius. Only the veriest flatterer could have gone into raptures over his juvenile work. But little did Alan Seeger care. He rarely showed a manuscript to a friend. When he did, nothing could have been of less consequence to him than the comment it evoked. Self-assured, he went his way, gathering impressions and experimenting with his art.

It was as if he had been aware of an imperious Kismet which could not be thwarted. His rôle in the world drama, his rapid development under the tutelage of war into a real poet, have answered all criticisms.

I first met Seeger in 1911, in a little French *table d'hôte* in West Twenty-ninth Street, New York, kept by three Breton sisters named Petitpas. He was then twenty-three years old and as handsome as a child of the sun. His features were classic, his complexion of a singularly luminous brunette tinge, his lips full and red, his black hair very thick. I have retained no definite impression of his eyes. He was about six feet tall, straight and well-proportioned.

Among his oddities was the arranging of his hair in a "bang," which came almost to his eyebrows and created the impression of a low, faun-like forehead, though the latter was actually broad and high. He also affected closely clipped side-whiskers, extending about three-quarters of the way down in front of his ears. Usually, he wore a soft shirt and a scarlet tie, which harmonised with his warm complexion.

He frequented the Petitpas restaurant for several months. There

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he attracted the attention of John Butler Yeats, father of the Irish national poet, and himself a writer and painter of distinction. Yeats remarked more than once that Seeger was a rare soul, who had it in him to do great things in literature. He was fond of sketching the young poet. Some of his pencil *croquis*, which are still in existence, seem to me to have captured Seeger's personality more successfully than any of the published pictures of him.

During our occasional chats across the dinner table, Seeger expressed a passionate interest in France and, to a lesser degree, in Italy. His sole desire was to go to Paris. He was quite out of sympathy with America, did not believe that we had accomplished anything worth speaking about in art, and was savage in his denunciation of the low standards fostered by American magazines. His scorn of the poet who would "write down" to editorial tastes, in order to sell his work, was heroic in its proportions.

The only literary admirations I ever heard him admit, outside of French literature, were for Byron and Wilde. It may be observed here that his three heroes were Napoleon, Byron and Pico della Mirandola, the Italian nobleman and scholar of the fifteenth century. Less than five months before his death, he wrote as follows from hospital to a friend in America:

"Of all the formulas that claimed my early youth, the one to which I can still adhere is that of the three categories, the lust for power, the lust for feeling and the lust for knowledge, to one or the other of which I can assign all those who, in their passion to live fully, are the supermen, the élite of humanity. Take as respective types Napoleon, Byron, Pico della Mirandola. All superior minds attach themselves more or less remotely to one of these three ideals. I make no distinction between them: those who attain eminence through either one may, in their way, be equally admirable. It is through knowledge that you seek revelation; I seek it through feeling."

I lived during the winter of 1911-12 in a room on the top floor of 61 Washington Square, South, an old house, with nearly thirty years of literary traditions. Frank Norris had written most of *The Octopus* there. Stephen Crane and O. Henry had been among its guests.

One evening there was a knock at the door and Seeger strolled in. He had taken a room on the same floor in the rear, but although he had occupied it for almost two weeks, he had kept so quietly to himself that I had not known he was in the house. At Petitpas's he had not thought it worth while to mention it.

His errand was to look over my books. If I remember rightly, he had written a poem in an odd metre and wished to compare it with some mediæval French form. He prowled up and down in front of the shelves, failed to find exactly what he wanted and threw himself into a chair.

The conversation turned on Paris, and he said, with considerable bitterness, that he would never be happy until he could arrange to live there permanently. America disgusted him, and he would be glad to leave the country forever. I asked him what detained him from going.

"I have no money, not even enough to pay my every-day expenses, much less to travel," he said haughtily. "And I see no prospect of getting

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any, because I will not do commercial writing. But sooner or later, I shall find a way."

He left the house not long afterward, and I did not see him again until we met in Paris. He spent a month during the intervening summer, however, at the MacDowell Memorial Colony, Peterborough, New Hampshire. A mutual acquaintance, Edwin Carty Ranck, the dramatist and critic, tells the following characteristic anecdotes of his stay there:

"The colony was crowded and beds were as scarce as they are in New York hotels during a prosperous theatrical season. Seeger came to me rather peremptorily one night, and informed me that he had no bed and had been directed to sleep on a sofa in the living-room of the annex. He said he detested sofas, and wanted to know if I would not give up my bed to him. I told him good-naturedly, but firmly, that he could go to the devil. He took himself off with imperturbable *sang-froid* and slept on some clean straw in a nearby stable. He always had the courage of his convictions, a quality that we admired in him."

Again: "I have a vivid recollection of seeing Seeger one day walking down the village street, hatless, his thick locks blowing in the wind, and wearing around his waist a crimson sash. He also wore a soft collar and white shirt and the effect was striking. The village folk stared hard at him in dumb wonder, but Seeger was as unconscious of their regard as if he walked in a desert. Head up, eyes gazing into space, he strolled along with the serenity of one to whom mundane affairs are non-existent. One can imagine the effect of such a vision in a village street, where the chief excitement is usually furnished by a runaway horse. Shopkeepers flocked to their windows and girls stared in simpering amusement. But on went Seeger, his head in the clouds."

In the early spring of 1914, I met Alan Seeger unexpectedly at the Café Lavenue in Paris. He had changed both in manner and appearance. His intellectual arrogance was undiminished. But there were a score of new things that he had found to love—the art treasures, the human types, the quaint streets, the very stones of Paris. He was happier than I had before known him, and notably more mature. He now affected a severe style of dress. Usually, he was in black, his coat buttoned tightly across his chest under an unstarched stock collar. With his hair longer than ever, and his scarlet lips, he suggested the æsthete to whom any form of action would be abhorrent. If I had been told that here was a future soldier of the Foreign Legion, I should have laughed incredulously.

Seeger lived at No. 17 rue du Sommerard, immediately behind the Musée de Cluny. This was in the heart of the old Latin Quarter, but he spent much of his time in Montparnasse, at Lavenue's, the Café de la Rotonde and the Closerie des Lilas. The more markedly Franco-American Café du Dôme he disdained. He was fondest, I think, of Lavenue's, where the music was good. I often saw him there, in the company of a very beautiful woman, whose name he did not tell me.

He was avid of new sensations in those days. Like many other poets who go to Paris, he experimented with absinthe and found unearthly dreams in the opal-tinted nectar. He went to the bacchic dances of the

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art students, which New York "bohemians" try desperately to imitate without coming within a million miles of the reality. He loved—lightly sometimes—but never crudely. He was too fastidious to tolerate the viewpoint of his average compatriot, who regards a succession of dreary "affairs" as being the principal reason for visiting Paris.

On the whole, Seeger was more at home in the Latin Quarter than he could have been in an American city. He was often desperately hard up, but he knew how to wrap his tattered poet's cloak about him and go down the road without sacrificing either his dignity or his happiness. One can do that in Paris, where money is not the main consideration in life.

It was a matter of stubborn pride with him not to offer his poems for sale to magazine editors. One day, however, he came up to me in the Café de la Rotonde and asked me just how I made my living. I told him that I was working for an American newspaper and obtained most of the material for my articles from the French daily press.

He considered this for a moment, then coolly remarked:

"It is disgusting to have to do that kind of thing; but, after all, it is journalism and no standards apply. I believe I could stomach a little of it."

"Why risk the shock to your sensibilities?" I asked politely.

"I have been broke for several weeks," he replied. "It is getting to be a nuisance. If you hear of anything, please let me know." And he stalked off.

Needless to say, with his fierce hostility toward the work, Seeger did not succeed in earning very much from newspapers.

In the summer of 1914, he went to London for the purpose of finding a publisher for a first volume of poems. The gathering storm-clouds overtook him there. When it became certain that war was going to break, he at once returned to Paris and offered his services to the French Government. He was told to wait until the mobilisation of the regular forces was ended and enlistments could be taken for the Foreign Legion.

I did not see him until the Corps of the rue de Valois rallied on August 25th. Nor, after that day of high romance, did I ever meet him again in the flesh. On the occasions when he got leave from the front, I happened to be away from Paris. But I talked with many of the men who had fought beside him in the Champagne and the battle of the Somme, where he was killed.

The admirers of Seeger who did not know him personally may be shocked to learn that at first he was unpopular in the Legion. Yet nothing could have been more certain than that this would be the case. He was among men radically different from himself, and he was a poor mixer. Naturally, he was misunderstood.

Bert Hall, who enlisted at the same time, and who was later an aviator in the Lafayette Escadrille, told me that when Seeger was questioned about his calling in civil life, he replied:

"I am a poet."

It may have been absurd of the legionnaires to consider this snobbish, but most of them did. They furthermore resented Seeger's habit of sitting apart and writing, then refusing nonchalantly to show anyone what he had written.

Before the training period was over, the feeling toward him had

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grown so bitter that at a mass meeting of the volunteers it was voted to ask him to get himself transferred to another company. A close friend of mine, who was also friendly to Seeger, was delegated to notify him of his comrades' wishes. I suppress this soldier's name at his own request, though I may say that he has since been discharged for wounds and is living in New York.

He approached Seeger and explained the situation, adding that it was to the poet's advantage to go. The legionnaires were not the most law-abiding of persons and might maltreat him if their request were ignored. The reply was in character. Seeger flung up his head and said scornfully:

"I never alter my course because I am threatened or disliked. My reason for being here is to serve France. For me, the men who sent you simply do not exist."

The result of this courageous stand was to create a new respect for Alan Seeger in the Foreign Legion. Sergeant Ed. Morlae, a harsh disciplinarian, who trained him, used to sing his praises as a soldier. But the one big friendship he appears to have formed was with an Egyptian, Rif Baer. In his letters he often mentioned the Rif. The latter was with him in the last charge at Belloy-en-Santerre, and thus described it:

"After the first bound forward, we lay flat on the ground, and I saw the first section advancing beyond us and making toward the extreme right of the village of Belloy-en-Santerre. I caught sight of Seeger and called to him, making a sign with my hand.

"He answered with a smile. How pale he was! His tall silhouette stood out on the green of the cornfield. He was the tallest man in his section. His head was erect, and pride was in his eye. I saw him running forward, with bayonet fixed. Soon he disappeared and that was the last time I saw my friend."

Alan Seeger's two posthumous books prove his growth as a poet, besides revealing a lofty idealism, an immeasurable belief in and devotion to France. And France is grateful to him. She has inscribed his name first on the roll of honour of foreigners who have died in this war that she might live. As I have said, she will raise a statue in Paris to his memory. If, beyond the divide, it is possible for him to know of this *beau geste*, I am sure that he will regard his sacrifice as having been amply rewarded. Remember, he loved Paris. That a niche should be set apart for him in some old street or quaint mediæval square, will seem to his proud ego the supreme honour.

He has written his own epitaph in the following lines from the *Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France:*

Be they remembered here with each reviving spring,
Not only that in May, when life is loveliest,
Around Neuville-Saint-Vaast and the disputed crest
Of Vimy, they, superb, unfaltering,
In that fine onslaught that no fire could halt,
Parted impetuous to their first assault;
But that they brought fresh hearts and springlike too
To that high mission, and 'tis meet to strew
With twigs of lilac and spring's earliest rose
The cenotaph of those
Who in the cause that history most endears
Fell in the sunny morn and flower of their young years.

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MY CHILDHOOD DAYS IN RUSSIA

BY ROSE COHEN

Drawings by Walter Jack Duncan

I

I was born in a small Russian village. Our home was a log house, covered with a straw roof. The front part of the house overlooked a large clear lake, and the back, open fields.

The first time I became aware of my existence was on a cold winter night. My father and I were sitting on top of our red brick oven. The wind, whistling through the chimney and rattling the ice-covered windows, frightened me, and so I pressed close to my father and held his hand tightly. He was looking across the room where mother's bed stood curtained off with white sheets. Every now and then I heard a moan coming from the bed, and each time I felt father's hand tremble.

Appearing and disappearing behind the bed curtains, I saw my little old great-aunt, in a red quilted petticoat and white, close-fitting cap. Whenever she appeared and caught father's eye, she smiled to him, a sweet, crooked smile. Finally, I recall hearing a few sound slaps, followed by a baby's cry and aunt calling out loudly, "It's a girl again."

About three years passed. With my little sister as companion, I recall many happy days we spent together. In the summer we picked field mushrooms at the back of the house or played near the lake and watched the women bleaching their linens. I was happiest in the morning when I first went out of doors. To see the sunshine, the blue sky, and the green fields, filled my soul with unspeakable happiness. At such moments I would run away from my little sister, hide myself in a favourite bush and sit for a while listening to the singing of the birds and the rustling of the leaves. Then I would jump up and skip about like a young pony and shout out of pure joy.

In the winter we cut and made doll's clothing. Father was a tailor, and as soon as we were able to hold a needle we were taught to sew. Mother taught us how to spin, grandfather made toys out of wood for us, and grandmother told us stories.

These were the pleasant days during the winter. But there were others, days that were cold and dark and dreary, when we children had to stay a great part of the time on top of the oven, and no one came, not even a beggar. But when a beggar did come, our joy was boundless.

I remember that grandfather would hasten to meet the poor man, as we called him, at the door with a hearty handshake and a welcoming smile, saying, "Peace be with you, brother. Take off your knapsack and stay over night."

Mother would put on a fresh apron and begin to prepare something extra for supper. And grandmother, who was blind, and always sat in bed knitting a stocking, would stop for a moment at the sound of the stranger's voice to smooth the comforter on her bed. Her pale face, so indifferent a minute before, would

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light up as if with new life, while we children, fearing if seen idle to be rebuked and sent into a distant corner, from where we could neither see nor hear the stranger, would suddenly find a dozen things to do.

On such a night after supper there was something of the holiday spirit in our home. We would light the lamp instead of a candle and place it on a milk jug in the centre of the table. Then we all sat around it, grandmother with her knitting, mother with her sewing, all of us listening eagerly to the stories the stranger told. But more surprised even than any of us children about the wonderful things going on in the world, was grandfather. He would sit listening with his lips partly open and his eyes large with wonder. Every now and then he would call out, "Ach, brother, I never would have even dreamed such things possible!"

At bedtime grandfather would give up his favourite bed, the bench near the oven, to the stranger. Mother would give him the largest and softest of her pillows. And grandmother would give him a clean pair of socks to put on in the morning.

The next day after he was gone we felt as after a pleasant holiday, when we had to put on our old clothes and turn in to do the everyday things.

II

When I was about eleven years old, there were five of us children. One day father went to town and came back with a stranger, who, we were told, would teach us to read and write. Our teacher was a young man of middle height, thin, dark and pale. He had an agreeable voice, and when he sang it was pleasant to hear him. When we did our lessons well, his eyes brightened and his tightly closed lips would relax a little. But when we did poorly, he was angry and would scold us.

As soon as I learned how to read I would sit for hours and read to my grandmother. Besides the Bible, we had a few religious books. I read these again and again, and became very devout. I read the morning, noon and evening prayers, and sometimes I fasted for half a day. Then I became less stubborn and the quarrels between sister and myself became less frequent.

One day father left home on a three days' journey. When he returned he did not look like himself. His face was pale and he seemed to be restless. During the three days that followed, father went out only at night. I also noticed that mother collected all of father's clothes, and, as she sat mending them, I often saw her tears fall on her work. On the third night I awoke and saw father bending over me. He wore his heavy overcoat, his hat was pulled well over his forehead and a knapsack was strapped across his shoulders. Before I had time to say a word he kissed me and went to grandmother's bed and woke her up. "I am going away, mother." She sat up and rubbed her eyes and asked in a sleepy voice, "Where?" "To America," father whispered hoarsely.

For a moment there was silence; then grandmother uttered a cry that chilled my blood. My mother, who sat in a corner weeping, went to her and tried to quiet her. The noise woke grandfather and the children. We all gathered around grandmother's bed, and I heard father ex-

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plaining the reason for his going. He said that he could not get a passport (for a reason I could not understand at the time). And as no one may live in Russia even a week without a passport, he had to leave immediately. His explanation did not comfort grandmother; she still sat crying and wringing her hands. After embracing us all, father ran out of the house, and grandfather ran after him into the snow with his bare feet. When he returned, he sat down and cried like a little child. I spent the rest of the night in prayer for a safe journey for my father.

III

As father's departure to America had to be kept secret until he was safe out of Russia, we had to bury our sorrow deep in our own hearts, and go about our work as if nothing unusual had happened.

One morning mother went to the post-office, and when she came back she looked as if she had suddenly aged. She took a postal card from her pocket and we all bent our heads over it and read: "I have been arrested while crossing the border and I am on my way home, walking the greater part of the way. If we pass through our village, I will ask the officer to let me stop home for a few minutes. Be brave and trust in God." At the news more tears were shed in our house than on the Day of Atonement.

That night the doors were barred and the windows darkened, grandmother, grandfather, and mother, with a three weeks' old baby in her arms, sat in the niche of our chimney, making plans to defeat the Czar of Russia.

The next day mother sent grandfather away on a visit. He was not a person to have around in case of trouble, for the very sight of brass buttons put him into such fright and confusion, that he would forget his own name. After he was gone mother went to town to see her brother and arrange for the escape. Then there was nothing left to do but wait for father's home-coming. I remember that I used to run out on the road many times a day to see if he were coming.

One afternoon, mother put on a cheerful face and busied herself laying the cloth and setting food on the table, and grandmother put on her best apron, father's last gift, and sat down near the table with her hands folded in her lap, waiting. We children stood at the window looking out. Soon we saw father open our gate. He was closely followed by Yonko, the sheriff, in his grey fur cap, which he wore summer and winter, and his grey coat tied with a red girdle.

Father was limping and when he came nearer I saw how greatly he had changed. His face was thin and weatherbeaten, and his eyes had sunk deep into his head. At sight of us near the window his lips twitched, but the next moment we saw his own old smile light up his whole face.

Our greeting and our conversation were quiet and restrained.

When father sat down at the table he said that he was very hungry, but after taking a few mouthfuls he fell asleep. The peasant, who sat near the stove resting his elbows on his knees and turning his cap between his hands, rose and wanted to wake father. "Oh, let him sleep a little while," mother entreated. "Impossible," said Yonko, "the roads are bad and we have to be in the next

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OUR HOUSE WAS A LOG HOUSE, COVERED WITH A STRAW ROOF

village before night falls." "Well, then just let him sleep until I bathe his feet." The man consented. Father's boots were worn and wet through, and were hard to get off, but he never woke while mother tugged away at them. At last they were off and the socks also.

"Thank God that his mother is blind," she whispered, covering her face for a moment. Father's feet were red, blistered, and swollen. As she lifted them into the basin I saw her tears falling into the water. When I looked at Yonko, he turned away quickly and became interested in a crack in the ceiling.

Our parting, like our greeting, was restrained. Father embraced grandmother, then he smiled a quick farewell from the door and was gone. Sister and I ran out on the road and stood watching him until he looked like a black speck against the white snow. Then we ran back to the house, she to help and I to pray.

IV

Two things I recall distinctly of that time. Grandmother, believing children to be prophets, often asked us to predict the future. One day she asked my brother, a little serious-faced, wide-awake boy of six, who looked upon himself as one of the future great rabbis, "Tell me, my child, will father reach America safely?" "Yes," he said with so much conviction in his voice that her face lit up with hope. From that moment she was more cheerful. The second thing is that there was an awful storm and the snow lay piled up almost as high as our windows. But on Friday it cleared. The sun came out bright and warm. "It is a good sign that it cleared in honour of Sabbath," said grandmother, turning her pale, thin face hopefully to the window. That afternoon we saw the mistress of the inn and post-office walking up to her waist in

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snow, coming toward our house. "Nothing but a letter would bring her here on a day like this," mother cried and rushed out of the house. When she came back she had a letter, but she stood in the middle of the room holding it in her hand as though she feared to open it. "Look," said the post-mistress, pointing to the post-mark. It was stamped Memel, Prussia.

Mother ran to grandmother and they embraced, and stood so long and so silently with their faces hidden from us, that we children were frightened and begged them to speak to us. Then mother turned and caught us all into her arms with a cry of joy, while grandmother raised her tear-stained face to heaven in silent prayer.

V

Spring came. The snow which lay high all winter began to melt, and here and there green spots appeared. Then the dandelions began to show their yellow heads, and the storks came flying back to build their nests in the old stump in the cemetery. Hens, followed by groups of black and yellow-headed chicks, walked about, scratching in the soft warm earth and cackling cheerfully.

As for us, mother and grandmother having lived in fear and anxiety about father for thirteen years, and then having come near losing him, found it hard to believe at first that he was really beyond the reach of Russia. But once they realised this fact, they were happy as they had never been before.

Mother, who never sang except when rocking baby to sleep, and then only hummed, sang now as she went about her work. And grandmother spoke about America from morning till night.

Having a lively imagination, she gave us her ideas of what she thought America was like, the kind of people father would be likely to meet, how soon he would find work, how much he would earn, and how soon he would be able to take his family over. Here she cried a good deal, saying, "If I had been told a year ago that my only son would go away to the other end of the world, and that I would continue to live knowing that I would never see him again, I would not have believed it possible. And yet it has come to pass and I am not only alive, but contented that he should be away. Ah, how strange is life and its ways!" Then she would dry her tears and begin to wonder how he would live without her care, who would look after his socks, and who would cover his feet on cold nights. But soon she consoled herself by saying, "Oh, but socks are cheap out there, as no doubt everything else must be, and they say that it is not as cold in America as in Russia."

And we children were as happy as if we had been released from a dark, damp prison cell. It seemed to us that the lake was never so clear and blue or sparkled so brightly, and the birds never sang so gaily before. We ran about visiting one familiar place after another, unable to stop long anywhere.

When grandfather came home, we were shocked at the change in him. His hair and beard, grey before, had turned white, and his eyes, they were the trustful eyes of a child, had a strange questioning look in them. He had become quite deaf. But otherwise he was as sprightly as ever.

Now the chief part of the support

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of the family fell to mother, and the rest of us helped. Grandmother knitted stockings for the women of the village. Of course the stockings had to be looked over, the lost stitches found and mended carefully. That was my work.

Grandmother also peeled the potatoes for the house. These, too, I had to go over, and cut away the peelings she had left. I disliked this work and dropped many a tear on the potatoes. Then mother would say, "What? crying? So much the better, we won't need to salt the potatoes." And grandfather, after bringing the wood, building the fire, fetching water from the spring, would go to the village to see if there were any pots to mend.

Grandfather had clever hands. He could do wonders with a penknife and a piece of wood. And in mending pots he was a perfect artist. And so whenever he walked through the village, the women would call him into their homes, bless him for the pots he made whole, and fill his little bag, which he always carried upon his back, with potatoes, carrots, turnips or onions. On coming home he would look as happy as if he had a whole fortune in his bag. "Come, children, and see what I have," he would call out while still on the threshold. Then he would open his bag, take out a carrot, and holding it up high for our admiration, he would say, his face beaming, "Is it not a perfect beauty? And sweet and juicy! Just wait till you taste it!" Then he would scrape it, divide it among us and sit looking at us while we ate.

VI

After Easter there was some pleasant outdoor work. Grandfather dug up the garden and we planted some vegetables. Of this work I liked planting potatoes best. I enjoyed walking after the plough in the cool moist earth with my bare feet. And while doing so, it pleased me to imagine that I was Yonko, the sower. I took long even strides and swung my arm back and forth in a circle, as I took and dropped the potatoes.

Mother saw me and scolded, saying that I dropped them too far apart. "You are always playing," she said. "Your sister, almost three years younger, is already a little woman; look!"

Bent almost double under a bag of potatoes, sister was coming toward us, walking unsteadily under the weight.

When she reached us mother took the bag and asked, "Is it not too heavy?"

The love in her eyes, and tenderness in her voice made my heart ache with envy. And so as usual I went for consolation to my bush.

While walking along, I determined never to play again. But as soon as I sat down, the twigs and flowers turned into fanciful girls and boys who adored me. I named each one of them and myself I called Dena. And then we went romping about in the fields.

I was extremely happy among these imaginary companions. But often they were the cause of punishment. For like real companions, they lured me away from my work in the house, to play.

Among these companions there was one who at first was just a name I liked. But after a while at the thought of the name I saw a vision of a tall, dark, handsome youth. And as I always wished for a big

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brother who would take care of me, I adopted him.

So real did this imaginary brother become that when I found myself alone in the dark, trembling with fear, I would call out, "Oh, Ephraim, where are you?" Then I seemed to hear him say, "Ah, you little 'fraid-cat, I knew you would want me. Here, take my hand." Then my two hands would clasp each other and I seemed to feel safer.

As soon as the warm weather came, the women of the village gave all their time and thought to the work in the fields. And so now we had no stockings to knit, no sewing, and no pots for grandfather to mend. He would often come home from the village with his little bag empty and sadness in his eyes. Instead, there were many days when we had not enough even of potatoes. But this hardship did not last long. Soon a letter and money came from father. This was the first letter from America. Father did not tell us much about his life out there. He just said that he was boarding with a nice Russian Jewish family and that he was already working and earning ten dollars a week. The rest of the letter was just good cheer and loving messages to each one of us.

Grandmother kept the letter under her pillow and soon the writing was defaced by her tears.

One day I managed to get hold of it. I put it into my pocket, slipped out of the house, then I took it out and looked at it.

It seemed to me so wonderful that a letter posted in America found its way into our little village.

"And this is American paper and here is an American stamp! And no doubt father touched this very stamp with his fingers!" When I thought of that, he did not seem so far away.

When winter came, mother bought feathers to pick. Having three daughters, she said she needed many pillows for their dowry. I liked picking feathers, as I liked sewing, not so much for itself as because it left my mind free to dream.

VII

Grandmother had two children besides father, both daughters. The elder was happily married and lived about two or three days' journey from us. Whether through indifferrence or because of the distance, I do not know, but she never came to see her parents or wrote to them. Sometimes a traveller from her part of the country, passing through our village, would stop at our house and give us her greetings.

The younger was twenty-one years of age now and was working in Minsk, a large city. She left home when she was sixteen and, being fond of children, she became a nurse girl. As grandmother expected her to be a seamstress, this choice of occupation caused grandmother as many tears as father's becoming a tailor instead of a rabbi. For a nurse girl was thought to be as much below a seamstress as a tailor below a rabbi.

Father had been in America but a short time when grandmother realised that his emigration had lessened Aunt Masha's prospects of marriage. When she came to this conclusion, her peace was gone. She wept night and day. "Poor Masha," she moaned, "what is to become of her? Her chances had been small enough without a dowry. And now, burdened with an aged father and a

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blind, helpless mother, the best she can expect is a middle-aged widower with half a dozen children!"

Mother tried to comfort her by telling her that she would remain in Russia as long as grandmother lived, so that she would not have to live with Masha. But this only irritated her. "You talk like a child," she wept. "You stay here and wait for my death, while my son, at the other end of the world, will be leading a life of loneliness. And as for me, would I have any peace, knowing that I was the cause?"

Mother, seeing that she could do nothing to comfort her, silently awaited results.

One night I woke, hearing a muffled sound of crying. I felt for grandmother, with whom I slept. But she was not beside me. Frightened, I sat up and peered into the darkness. The crying came from the foot of the bed. And soon I discerned grandmother sitting there. With her hands clasped about her knees and her face buried in her lap, she sat rocking gently and weeping.

I called to her in a whisper to come and lie down, but she did not answer. For a while I sat trembling with cold and fear. Then I slipped far back under the warm comforter and tried to sleep. But the picture of grandmother, sitting alone in the dark and cold, haunted me. And so again I arose.

Creeping over to her quickly, I curled up close to her and put my arms around her cold, trembling form. At first she did not take any notice of me. But after a few minutes she lifted her head and unclasping her hands, she drew me under her shawl, saying as she laid her wet face against mine, "Oh, you little mouse, how you do creep up to one! But you had better go back to your place or you will catch cold."

When I went back and as grandmother tucked me in, I asked her why she cried so. "Never mind, you little busybody," she said, "go to sleep." But I teased her to tell me. And finally she said with a sigh, and speaking more to herself than to me, "It is about Masha. Go to sleep now, you will hear all about it tomorrow."

She sat down on the edge of the bed, gently patting my shoulder, as she had often done when I was a little child. Soon I fell asleep.

The next day the rings under her eyes were darker, and her eyelids were more red and swollen than usual. But otherwise she seemed more calm than she had been for a long time.

After dinner she said to mother, hesitating at every word as she spoke, "You know, I decided last night, that when you go to America Masha should go with you." This startled mother so that she almost dropped the baby whom she was swinging on her foot.

"What are you saying? Masha go to America and you left here alone?"

"Yes, alone," she sighed, "as if I never had any children. But so it must be. True, I have not had a happy life. But happy or not, I have lived it. And now, it is almost at an end. But Masha has just begun to live, and in America she will have a better chance, for there are fewer women there, they say. As for me, I shall not be without comfort in my last days. When I am lonely, I shall think of her happily married and surrounded by dear little children like yours. And now listen to this plan. Of course I cannot be

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left here alone, though my needs are few. And so before you start for America you will take me to my niece in the city. She is a very pious woman, and so I am sure she will give me a litle space in some corner of her house. Of course you will pay her for a year of my board. And after that, perhaps you will send her money. But I hope it won't be necessary. Indeed, I feel that I won't trouble this world much longer."

Mother tried to dissuade her from this plan, but she turned a deaf ear and insisted that we write to father at once. And we did.

About a month passed before we received an answer. The letter was heavier than usual. And when we opened it, two yellow tickets fell out from among the two closely written sheets.

"What is this?" we all asked at once. "Not money. And this writing must be English."

We handed the tickets to grandmother who held out her hand for them. Suddenly her hand began to tremble and she said, "Perhaps these are steamer tickets. Quickly read the letter."

After the usual greetings father wrote, "Since Masha is to come to America she might as well start as soon as she can get ready. And Rahel had better come with her. I am sure she can earn at least three dollars a week. With her help I'll be able to bring the rest of the family over much sooner, perhaps in a year or so. And, besides, now she can still travel on half a ticket, which I am enclosing with the one for Masha."

Quite bewildered, I looked at mother. Her lips were opening and closing without making a sound. Suddenly she caught me into her arms and burst into tears.

VIII

For many days mother could not look at the steamer tickets without tears in her eyes. And even then though she tried to speak cheerfully about my going to America, I noticed that the anxious look which came into her eyes while the letter was being read, never left them. Also I felt her eyes following me about on every step. But once only, she gave way to her feelings openly.

One morning while she was fastening the back of my dress I caught a few disconnected words, which she uttered low as though she were speaking to herself.

"Good Heavens! child twelve years old—care—herself." Then came those inward tearless sobs and I felt her hands tremble on my back.

But grandmother took the news in a manner that astonished us all. When I looked at her over my mother's shoulder, after the letter was read, I saw her sitting at the table in her usual position. Her head was bent low and a little to one side, and her hands were folded in her lap. Very quietly she sat, not a word, not a tear came from her.

I do not know whether I considered myself fortunate in going to America or not. But I do remember that when I convinced myself, by looking at the tickets often, that it was not a dream like many others I had had, that I would really start for America in a month or six weeks, I felt a great joy. Of course I was a little ashamed of this joy. I saw that mother was unhappy. And grandmother's sorrow, very awful, in its calmness, was double now. For I felt that I was almost as dear to her as Aunt Masha.

When a week passed, we cleaned the house as thoroughly as if it were

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"THE DROSKY IS AT THE DOOR"

for Easter in honour of Aunt Masha's coming.

During the five years that she had been away, she visited us twice. The last time had been three years before. And so we were all excited and eager to see her.

As the days passed and the time drew near for her coming, grandmother became so impatient and nervous that she would jump at the least outdoor sound, asking excitedly,

"What is that? I think I hear the rumbling of wheels. Isn't that someone coming?" Then we would all rush to the door and windows and find that it was only a cart passing on the road, or a pig scratching his back against the sharp corner of the house.

One day we really heard a cart drive up to the door. When we ran out, we saw a small, plump, pretty young woman in a brown dress jump lightly to the ground.

"Oh, grandmother, quickly come, it is Aunt Masha."

In a moment grandmother tumbled out of bed, but before she could reach the door she was in Aunt Masha's arms. And for a while there was sobbing in every corner of the room.

IX

All through the spring, while mother, grandmother and Aunt Masha were sewing and knitting stockings for Aunt Masha and me to take along to America, I wandered about in the fields, restless and unable to play at anything.

So the spring passed.

As the second of June, the day for our departure to America, drew near, I stayed more in the house and followed mother about more closely. Gradually I became conscious of two things. One was the fear of going out into the world. Just what I feared I did not know. And the other was regret. I had not realised how dear to me were my people and home, until I was about to leave them. But the one whom I regretted to leave most was grandmother.

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Grandfather was not fond of me and so he cared little about my going away. And mother and the children I would see again. But that grandmother cared I knew. And I also knew and she knew that her I would never see again.

One day grandmother and I were alone in the house, at least I think we were alone. For as I look back now I can see no one but the two of us. I am standing at the window, and she is walking across the room, with her slow, hesitating step, and her hands stretched in front of her for protection. Coming upon a bench in the middle of the room she sat down heavily, with a sigh,

"It is strange, but the room seems to have grown larger."

"What is that shadow at the window, Rahel? Come, child, let me lean on you. There, your shoulder just fits under my arm. Do you remember when you first began to lead me about? That was when you still called yourself by name."

When we reached the window she raised her hand, shaded her eyes from the strong light and stood quietly for a while, looking out. Then she said,

"This must be a beautiful day. For my eyelids are not as heavy when it is clear."

"Oh, grandmother, it is glorious! There is not a cloud in the sky. And, that thing waving in front of the window, can you make out what it is?"

"I see a black, shapeless mass. What is it?"

"It is the wild apple tree, white with blossoms."

"H-m-m— yes," she said, meditatively, "it was a day just like this."

"When, grandmother?"

She did not answer for a long while and when she spoke at last her voice was low and passionate.

"When God took my sight from me. My eyes had never been strong. One day in the spring, it was beautiful like to-day, I was digging in the garden, but a little while it seemed to me, when I was startled by a crash of thunder so that the very earth under my feet seemed to tremble. I looked up. The sun was gone and a black angry cloud hung over our house. Quickly I gathered up the tools and hastened toward home. I was but a few steps away when a wind-storm came. It rocked the trees, blew the loosened shingles from the roof, and swept the dry sand in a whirl before me. At the same moment I felt a stinging pain in my eyes, so that I could not see the door. In darkness I groped about for long time, till I found it. For twenty-four hours I was beside myself with pain. At the end of that time it went away as suddenly as it came. When your father, who was a little boy then, untied the kerchief from my eyes, I asked him if it were night.

" 'Why, mother,' I heard his frightened voice, 'it is daylight. Don't you see the sun across your bed?' Then I knew."

She stood silent and motionless for a while. Then she said more calmly,

"But I must not sin. For if God has taken my sight, He has given me dear little grandchildren who have been everything I wanted. Ah, if I had only been worthy enough to keep them with me!" She turned to me suddenly and taking my face between her cold soft hands she said entreatingly,

"Rahel, promise me that you won't cry when you are starting. You hear? It is bad luck to cry when one

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is starting on a journey. And, I want you to write me whether there are any synagogues in America."

"I promise!"

Still holding my face between her hands, she bent over it and looked at it intently. I saw a strained expression come into her face and the eyes move about restlessly under the heavy red lids, as though she were trying to see. Then came a pitiful moan, and tears rolled down her cheeks and fell on mine.

What happened after this I do not remember, until the very minute of starting on the second of June. And even then, as I look back I can see nothing at first, but a thick grey mist. But the sounds I recall very distinctly.

There was Aunt Masha's voice crying, a crack of a whip, horses' hoofs striking against stones. Then there was a sudden jolt and I felt myself falling backward. And now I remember what I saw, too.

When I sat up, I found myself sitting in a straw-lined wagon, with my back to the horse. Besides me were mother and the baby, who were coming to the city with us, and Aunt Masha, who was lying with her face hidden in the straw, crying aloud.

I remembered grandmother's warning, "Nothing but bad luck could come to one who is crying while starting on a journey," and felt sorry for Aunt Masha. But as we were pulling out through the gate and I saw grandmother looking so lonely and forsaken, as she stood leaning against the house, and when I saw grandfather and the children who stood at the gate, looking after us and crying, I could not keep my own tears back, though I opened my eyes wide and blinked hard.

One by one we passed the dear familiar places. Each one brought back sad and happy recollections. As I looked at my favourite bush while we were passing it, I saw my little make-believe companions spring up in it one after another. And among them I saw the swarthy face of my imaginary brother Ephraim. I waved my hand to him, and then hid my face on mother's shoulder.

When I looked up again, the road was unknown to me.

X

We were bound for Minsk. This was a large city about a day and a half hard travelling from our village. There mother was to see an agent about smuggling us across the border, and buy a few necessary things for our journey.

As I had been unable to see mother's people before going, we went a little out of our way to stop with them for a few hours. Shortly before sunset we arrived at their home, which stood on the outskirt of a small town.

Mother's father had been dead for some years, and the mother was living with her four sons, who were blacksmiths by trade.

As we had to pass the shop, which was a short distance from the house, we stopped there first. All four were busy at the forge, at the bellows, one was swinging the heavy sledge and Uncle Hayim, who was the oldest, was shaping a piece of iron on the anvil. Seeing us, he stopped and came to meet us. He kissed mother with more than usual tenderness, shook hands with Aunt Masha, and looked at me in surprise. "Well, well," he said, "how tall you have grown. But you are only a feather-weight after all." He

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laughed as he raised me lightly on a level with himself.

He locked up the shop and we all went to the house. At the door we met grandmother coming from the barn with a pail of foaming milk, which she almost spilt in her surprise at seeing us.

She was as different from my other grandmother as a person could me. She was a strong, stocky little woman, so industrious and quick that at times it was hard to believe that there was just one of her. In telling stories, however, she was like my other grandmother. Everything she saw and heard reminded her of a story.

We started to continue on our journey soon after supper. At parting we all cried a good deal and laughed, too, when I refused to kiss my two younger uncles on the ground that they were boys.

"But," said the younger and mischievous one, "you kissed me two weeks ago when I was at your home."

"Then it was different," I said. I could not explain, but perhaps I felt that in parting from my childhood surroundings, I parted from childhood, too.

Uncle Hayim lit the way to the wagon with a lantern. He held it up high while mother tucked baby and me into the straw, between Aunt Masha and herself.

I was very fond of this uncle and as I lay looking at his face, with the light shining on it, I thought, "Another minute, and I won't see him any more. Perhaps I'll never see him again." Indistinctly, through my tears, I saw the driver climb into the wagon and uncle jump on the axle of the wheel. He bent over me. "Farewell!" he said. At that moment his voice and face were so much like my mother's that I was struck with terror, and could not breathe until I found her hand.

As we joggled off I heard uncle calling after us, "Don't forget God." And it seemed to me that the frogs from the neighbouring swamps took up the words and croaked, "Don't forget God! Don't forget God!"

The road was very uneven, and every time the wheels passed over a stone, I heard Aunt Masha's head bump against the wagon. Mother gave her some more straw to put there, but she refused.

"What," she said, peevishly, "is this pain or any other pain that I have ever had compared with what my mother suffers to-night." And so she let her head bump, as if that would give her mother relief. For a long time I felt Aunt Masha's body shaking with sobs. But by degrees it grew quieter, the breathing became regular, and she slept. Then I saw mother, who I thought was also asleep, sit up. She took some straw from her side of the wagon and bending over me toward Aunt Masha, she raised her head gently and spread the straw under it.

I slept until baby poked his little nose under my chin to wake me at broad daylight. My first thought was, "I am in Minsk." I had looked forward with pleasure to being there. And yet all I saw of it was a dingy courtyard, a sunless room, a drosky and a railroad station.

The dingy courtyard we passed through when we got out of the wagon, and the sunless room was the home of our cousins with whom we stayed as long as we remained in the city.

During the three days that followed, I stayed in the house and took care of baby while mother and Aunt

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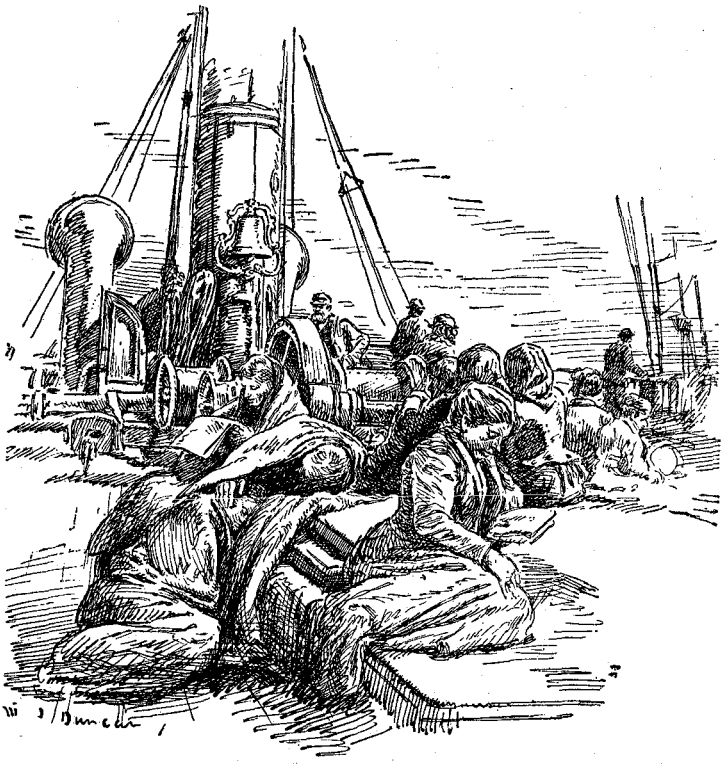

ALL DAY WE SAT OR WALKED ABOUT IN THE SUN

Masha were doing their errands. There was quite some trouble with the agents. They found out that we had no local passport and could not get one. And so they demanded an unreasonable sum of money, which mother finally had to pay. And even then, it was just as likely as not that we would be caught crossing the boundary and sent back.

On the third morning Aunt Masha bought me a very pretty pair of black patent-leather slippers with two buttons. I remember that after I put them on, I sat most of the time. I wanted to keep the soles clean. And it was only to give baby the pleasure and myself, too, of hearing them squeak, that I walked across the room.

In the afternoon mother sewed the money that was left into the side lining of my little underwaist. "No one will suspect it there," she said. When she was through she spread the waist out on her knees, and smoothed out the creases with great tenderness. While putting on the waist, I noticed that there were many damp spots on it.

After that, there was nothing more to do. Our new wicker basket was ready and stood corded at the door. And there was a small bag of zwieback and two new bright tin drinking cups. I remember how silently we all sat waiting for five o'clock, how white mother's face looked, how unnaturally cheerful Aunt Masha seemed, how attentive the boy was

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to all of us, how rapidly my heart beat as if I had been running a long distance.

A little before the hour, my pale-faced cousin came in. And it seemed to me that he grew still paler when he looked at us and said, "The drosky is at the door."

I don't remember how we left the house. But when we were in the drosky, I saw that I had my tin cup in my hand and Aunt Masha had the bag of zweiback and the other cup. We were driven to the station at a speed that made baby's breath come and go in gasps.

The platform was crowded. "Here is the train," my cousin said. "Hurry!" Mother caught me into her arms with a cry that made me forget everything. Half unconscious now of what was going on, I held her around the neck with all my strength.

"A crowded train," I heard. "Hurry!" And again, "You will never get a seat now," and still later, "Oh, I thought you were such a brave girl"—"You will miss the train, Rahel!"

Someone pulled my hands apart. I was lifted from the back and carried into the train. I looked through the window into the crowd for mother. Just as I caught sight of her face the train began to move. I saw her fling out her arms wildly and run alongside of the train for a few steps. Then her arms dropped limply at her sides and she disappeared in the crowd.

XI

Aunt Masha's tear-stained face, bending over me anxiously, was the first thing I saw when I regained consciousness.

I do not remember how or when we left the train, or how about twenty-five of us, two young men and the rest women and very small children, came to be travelling in a large, canvas-covered wagon, on a country road white with the heat and dust.

Toward evening of that day we came to an empty little log house, so much like ours at home that I could not restrain a cry of joy at the sight of it. The roof, however, was of shingles instead of straw.

When it grew quite dark, a few wagons drove up to the door of the hut. There was a good deal of whispering and disputing. At last, after much talking and swearing on the part of the drivers, we were all placed. I was put flat on my face between Aunt Masha and another, into one of the wagons spread with ill-smelling hay. We were covered up with more of it, heads and all, then drove off, it seemed to me, each wagon in a different direction.

We might have been driving for an hour, though it seemed much longer, for I could hardly breathe, when I heard the driver's hoarse whisper, "Remember, people, you are not to make a sound, nor move a limb for the next half hour."

Soon after this I heard a rough voice in Russian, "Who is there?"

"It is Mushka," our driver answered.

"What have you in the wagon?" the Russian demanded.

"Oh, just some bags of flour," Mushka answered.

I felt a heavy hand laid on my back. At that moment it dawned on me that we were stealing across the border. My heart began to thump so that I was sure he heard it. And in my fear I began to pray. But I

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stopped at once, at a pinch from Aunt Masha. Then I heard the clink of money. At last the rough voice called out loudly, "Flour? go ahead."

As we started off again, I heard the crying of children in the distance, and shooting.

XII

One day, I don't remember how soon after we crossed the border, we arrived in Hamburg. We stopped in a large, red building run in connection with the steamship company. We were all shown (really driven) into a large room where many dirty, narrow cots stood along the walls. Aunt Masha shivered as she looked at the one in which we two were to sleep.

"The less we stay in these beds the better," she said. So, although we were dead tired we went to bed quite late. But before we were on our cot very long we saw that sleep was out of the question.

At last a faint grey light came creeping slowly into the yard. With unspeakable joy I watched the house loom out of the darkness. Soon I jumped up and ran to get washed.

Our breakfast, which was boiled potatoes and slices of white bread, was served on long bare tables in a room like the sleeping room. No sooner was the food put on the tables than it was gone, and some of us were left with empty plates. Aunt Masha and I looked at each other and burst out laughing. To see the bread grabbed up and the fingers scorched on the boiled potatoes, was ugly and pathetic but also funny.

"To-morrow," Aunt Masha said, "we, too, will have to grab. For the money sewed in your waist won't last if we have to buy more than one meal a day for a week." But the next day it was almost the same thing. Going hungry seemed easy in comparison with the shame we felt to put out our hands for the bread while there was such a struggle.

We stayed in Hamburg a week. Every day from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon, we stayed in a large, bare hall waiting for our names to be called. On the left side of the hall there was a heavy door leading into the office, where the emigrants were called in one by one.

I used to sit down on the floor opposite the door and watch the people's faces as they came and went into the office. Some looked excited and worried when they came out, and others looked relieved.

When our names were called, I rose quickly and followed Aunt Masha. The clerk who always came to the door, which he opened only a little, looked at us and asked our names. Then he let Aunt Masha go in and, pushing me away roughly without a word, he shut the heavy door in my face.

I stood nearby waiting, until my feet ached. When Aunt Masha came out at last, her face was flushed and there were tears in her eyes. Immediately she went over to her friends (she had many friends by that time) and began to talk to them excitedly. I followed her, but she stopped talking when she saw me. I understood that I was not to listen. And so I went away.

This went on for almost a week. Each day her face looked more worried and perplexed.

One afternoon the door of the office opened wider than usual, and a different clerk came out holding a

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WITH BABY ON ONE ARM, A BUNDLE ON THE OTHER

paper in his hand. He told us that the English steamer for which we had been waiting was in. And then he read the names of those who were to go on it.

I'll never forget Aunt Masha's joy when she heard that we were to sail the next day. She ran from one to the other of her friends, crying and laughing at once.

"The scoundrel," she kept on saying, "he threatened to send us home. He said he had the power to send us home!" Then she ran over to me and in her joy almost smothered me in her embrace.

I don't remember whether it was on this same day or when we were already on the steamer that our clothes were taken away to be "steamed." As my little underwaist, which still had some money in it, was also taken, we spent some anxious hours about the money. The money was not touched. But when I looked at my pretty little slippers I wept bitter tears. They looked old, and wrinkled, and two of the buttons were off.

On the following evening we sailed off in a small white boat. We all sat on the floor of the deck. I dreaded crossing the ocean for I had heard that the water was rough. The boat rocked fearfully, and there was sickness and even death. But

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when some time passed and I saw how smoothly and steadily the boat went along over quiet water, I felt relieved. Then came something of gladness. I sat quietly in back of Aunt Masha, watching the full moon appearing and disappearing behind the clouds, and listening to our fellow-travellers. Their faces, so worried and excited for weeks, looked peaceful and contented as they sat gazing at the moon, and talking quietly and hopefully of the future in the new world.

"How beautiful," I thought. "This is the way the rest of our journey will be." For in my ignorance I thought that we would sail all the way across in this little white boat and that the water would always be calm, and the wind gentle. When I whispered my thought to Aunt Masha, she smiled at me over her shoulder, a queer, meaning little smile, which puzzled me. In the morning when we came to an enormous black ond white steamer, I remembered Aunt Masha's smile and understood its meaning.

We were deathly seasick the first three days. During that period I was conscious, it seems to me, only part of the time. I remember that once when I opened my eyes, I seemed to see the steamer turn to one side and then disappear under water. Then I heard voices screaming, entreating, praying. I thought we were drowning, but I did not care. Nothing mattered now. On the fourth day, I became again interested in life.

All day we sat or walked about in the sun. Soon Aunt Masha's little round nose was covered with freckles and my hair was bleached a half dozen shades.

A week passed.

One day, it was the first of July, Aunt Masha and I stood in Castle Garden. With fluttering hearts yet patiently, we stood scanning the faces of a group of Americans divided from us by iron gates.

"My father could never be among those wonderfully dressed people," I thought. Suddenly it seemed to me as if I must shout. I caught sight of a familiar smile.

"Aunt Masha, do you see that man in the light tan suit? the one who is smiling and waving his hand?"

"Why, you little goose," she cried, "don't you see? It's father!" She gave a laugh and a sob, and hid her face in her hands.

A little while later the three of us stood clinging to each other.

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ON FILLING AN INK-WELL

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Those who buy their ink in little stone jugs may prefer to do so because the pottle reminds them of cruiskeen lawn or ginger beer (with its wire-bound cork), but they miss a noble delight. Ink should be bought in the tall, blue glass, quart bottles (with the ingenious non-drip spout), and once every three weeks or so, when you fill your ink-well, it is your privilege to elevate the flask against the brightness of a window, and meditate (with a breath of sadness) on the joys and problems that sacred fluid holds in solution.

How blue it shines toward the light! Blue as lupin or larkspur, or cornflower—aye, and even so blue art thou, my scriven, to think how far the written page falls short of the bright ecstasy of thy dream! In the bottle, what magnificence of unpenned stuff lies cool and liquid: what fluency of essay, what fonts of song. As the bottle glints, blue as a squill or a hyacinth, blue as the meadows of Elysium or the eyes of girls loved by young poets, meseems the racing pen might almost gain upon the thoughts that are turning the bend in the road. A jolly throng, those thoughts: I can see them talking and laughing together. But when pen reaches the road's turning, the thoughts are gone far ahead: their delicate figures are silhouettes against the sky.

It is a sacramental matter, this filling the ink-well. Is there a writer, however humble, who has not poured into his writing pot, with the ink, some wistful hopes or prayers for what may emerge from that dark source? Is there not some particular reverence due the ink-well, some form of propitiation to humbug the powers of evil and constraint that devil the journalist? Satan hovers near the ink-pot. Luther solved the matter by throwing the well itself at the apparition. That savours to me too much of homeopathy. If Satan ever puts his face over my desk, I shall hurl a volume of Harold Bell Wright at him. That well of English defiled. . . .

But what becomes of the ink-pots of glory? The conduit from which Boswell drew, for Charles Dilly in The Poultry, the great river of his Johnson? The well (was it of blue china?) whence flowed *Dream Children: a Revery?* (It was written on folio ledger sheets from the East India House—I saw the manuscript only yesterday in a room at Daylesford, Pennsylvania, where much of the richest ink of the last two centuries is lovingly laid away.) The pot of chuckling fluid where Harry Fielding dipped his pen to tell the history of a certain foundling; the ink-wells of the Café de la Source on the Boul' Mich'—do they by any chance remember which it was that R. L. S. used? One of the happiest tremours of my life was when I went to that café and called for a bock and writing material, just because R. L. S. had once written letters there. And the ink-well Poe used at that boarding-house in Greenwich Street, New York (April, 1844), when he wrote to his dear Muddy

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(his mother-in-law) to describe how he and Virginia had reached a haven of square meals. That hopeful letter, so perfect now in pathos—

> For breakfast we had excellent-flavoured coffee, hot and strong—not very clear and no great deal of cream—veal cutlets, elegant ham and eggs and nice bread and butter. I never sat down to a more plentiful or a nicer breakfast. I wish you could have seen the eggs—and the great dishes of meat. Sis [his wife] is delighted, and we are both in excellent spirits. She has coughed hardly any and had no night sweat. She is now busy mending my pants, which I tore against a nail. I went out last night and bought a skein of silk, a skein of thread, two buttons, a pair of slippers, and a tin pan for the stove. The fire kept in all night. We have now got four dollars and a half left. To-morrow I am going to try and borrow three dollars, so that I may have a fortnight to go upon. I feel in excellent spirits, and haven't drank a drop—so that I hope soon to get out of trouble.

Yes, let us clear the typewriter off the table: an ink-well is a sacred thing.

Do you ever stop to think, when you see the grimy spattered desks of a public post-office, how many eager or puzzled human hearts have tried, in those dingy little ink-cups, to set themselves right with fortune? What blissful meetings have been appointed, what scribblings of pain and sorrow, out of those founts of common speech. And the ink-wells on hotel counters—does not the public dipping place of the Bellevue Hotel, Boston, win a new dignity in my memory when I know (as I learned lately) that Rupert Brooke registered there in the spring of 1914? I remember, too, a certain pleasant vibration when, signing my name one day in the Bellevue's book, I found Miss Agnes Repplier's autograph a little above on the same page.

Among our younger friends, Vachel Lindsay comes to mind as one who has done honour to the ink-well. His *Apology for the Bottle Volcanic* is in his best flow of secret smiling (save an unfortunate dilution of Riley):

> Sometimes I dip my pen and find the bottle full of fire,
> The salamanders flying forth I cannot but admire. . . .
> O sad deceiving ink, as bad as liquor in its way—
> All demons of a bottle size have pranced from you to-day,
> And seized my pen for hobby-horse as witches ride a broom,
> And left a trail of brimstone words and blots and gobs of gloom.
>
> And yet when I am extra good . . . [*here I omit the transfusion of Riley*]
> My bottle spreads a rainbow mist, and from the vapour fine
> Ten thousand troops from fairyland come riding in a line.

I suppose it is the mark of a trifling mind, yet I like to hear of the little particulars that surrounded those whose pens struck sparks. It is Boswell that leads us into that habit of thought. I like to know what the author wore, how he sat, what the furniture of his desk and chamber, who cooked his meals for him, and with what appetite he approached them. "The mind soars by an effort to the grand and lofty," (so dipped Hazlitt in some favoured ink-bottle)—"it is at home in the grovelling, the disagreeable, and the little."

I like to think, as I look along book shelves, that everyone of these favourites was born out of an ink-well. I imagine the hopes and visions that thronged the author's mind as he filled his pot and sliced the quill. What various fruits have flowed from those ink-wells of the past: for

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some, comfort and honour, quiet homes and plenteousness; for others, bitterness and disappointment. I have seen a copy of Poe's poems, published 1845 by Putnam, inscribed by the author. The volume had been bought for $2,500. Think what that would have meant to Poe himself.

Some such thoughts as these twinkled in my head as I held up the Pierian bottle against the light, admired the deep blue of it, and filled my ink-well. And then I took up my pen, which wrote:

A GRACE BEFORE WRITING

This is a sacrament, I think!
  Holding the bottle toward the light,
As blue as lupin gleams the ink:
  May Truth be with me as I write!

That small dark cistern may afford
  Reunion with some vanished friend,—
And with this ink I have just poured
  May none but honest words be penned!

TEMPERAMENT

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

When I am composing a lyric,
  Or Vida's composing a sock,
The kindliest-meant panegyric
  Obtrudes with a terrible shock.

Remarks, be they never so gentle,
  Had better, far better, be curbed;
We're both of us Temperamental,
  And Genius must *not* be disturbed!

When, gripped in the Strife of Creation,
  The heart and the soul are aflame,
The Thing that they call "Conversation"
  Is—something too awful to name!

And sorrow betide the satiric
  Intruder who ventures to mock,
When I am composing a lyric,
  Or Vida's composing a sock!

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THE DOTTED STYLE

BY WILSON FOLLETT

POETRY, as everybody knows, is dedicating itself as never before to the objective, the real. Everybody knows it simply because everybody is writing the poetry which makes the statement true; and "poets' poet," a title once denoting the austere aloofness and rarity of Spenser, of Shelley, is now democratically expanded to mean people's poet, poet for everybody. The versifier of an earlier generation bought his own work in volumes, that he might have the joy of seeing it in print, even if no one else did. To-day everybody buys the poetry-printing magazines, because everybody might have written what is in them. Still the same remarkable coincidence between transmitter and receiver—but on how enlarged a scale! What has made possible the enlargement is, of course, the self-surrender of poetry to a faculty which everybody has—the faculty of observation pure and simple. Imagery has yielded to imagism. We consent to fly no flag except the ensign of the actual. We will have sharp lines in the object and real objects in the inventory—and the inventory is, to be sure, the poem.

This new Poetry of Things is chiefly remarkable for two kinds of detachment: first, its complete self-detachment from all judgment and criticism, all views and opinions—its impersonality; second, its amazing inconsecutiveness, the detachment of everything in it from everything else. It substitutes seeing for thinking; and it substitutes compilation for composition. Its friends would say that it keeps its feet on the ground lest it lose its head in the clouds. Its enemies might retort that it goes on stilts because it has no wings. Either way, its limitations alone are enough to explain how it has got its astonishing vogue.

The democratisation of any form of art is in itself a great good. Admitted. But there is always the question whether, to bring it about, the audience has been levelled upward or the form of art levelled downward. If one believes, as a few of us still do, that Things belong in poetry in order that composition and interpretation may prove what can be done with them, there is some occasion for dismay about both the art and the audience—the one being, as I have noted, so popular an expression of the other that the vices of either must be common to both. And of course one's dismay about the art will be as nothing to one's dismay about the audience. Inconsecutiveness, the servile acceptance of mere matter—are these twin traits of the modern mind itself, traits of which the fashionable modernism in verse is but symptomatic?

I should not be at this moment so wrought up if I had not lately been noticing more and more the rapid spread of these insidious symptoms from verse to prose, and especially to fiction in prose. If there is any encouragement, it lies in the fact that so far the two vices have not usually appeared together in fiction. The novelists who see and accept

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things without criticising them—the objective realists—may seem to us arid in their literalism, unrewarding in their lack of vision; but mainly they have at least written prose, and kept the consecutiveness which is inherent in prose. Their opposites, the writers who keep a healthy interest in standards and practise a fine subjective discrimination, may have more to say to us; but they have lately developed an eccentric incoherence of manner which threatens to be the destruction of prose. I refer to the disintegration of the sentence into random scraps of phraseology, strung together without syntax in a telegraphic or note-taking idiom. The visible badge of this manner—no use to call it mannerism, since everybody has it—is the frequent occurrence of rows of printed dots; such rows as, in an elder typography, denoted the omission of words from a citation. Here is one of many possible examples; it is taken from a recent novel of truly unusual distinction.*

"Monsieur . . . had talked French all the time . . . dictées . . . lectures . . . Le Conscrit . . . Waterloo . . . La Maison Déserte . . . his careful voice reading on and on . . . until the room disappeared. . . . She must do that for her German girls. Read English to them and make them happy. . . . But first there must be verbs . . . there had been cahiers of them . . . first, second, third conjugation. . . . It was impudence, an impudent invasion . . . the dreadful, clever, foreign school. . . . They would laugh at her. . . . She began to repeat the English alphabet. . . . She doubted whether, faced with a class, she could reach the end without a mistake. . . . She reached Z and went on to the parts of speech."

This might be called imagist prose. Typographically speaking, I refer to it as the dotted style. Not only does it spoil an accredited device for the purpose which that device really serves: it also wastes the paper of an almost paperless decade. Of a page containing one hundred linear inches of print, twenty linear inches are given to trios and quartettes of dots. The dots express nothing whatever except a vague ungratified yearning after that articulacy which language, to be organic prose at all, must have attained. The idea is to let one's consciousness float (when it does not sink) in a sea of sensation whose waves are intuitions, and the crests of whose waves are images. It is thoroughgoingly idle—and one suspects that the modern consciousness is growing more and more dreadfully content to be just that.

Heaven help the novel if ever these two faults coincide in it! That is, if the dots that blazon this sensitive and objective idiom ever get themselves scattered through the pages whose creed is raw, unsifted, uncensored actuality. But perhaps the calamity can be averted. Perhaps one of these converging excesses can be made to fight the other, as fire fights fire. Let the subjectivists push their pet device far enough to make it the norm of written lan-

**Pointed Roofs.* By Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. This is the first volume of a sequence of novels called *Pilgrimage,* of which two other volumes, *Backwater* and *Honeycomb,* are now available. For adequate appreciations of the precision and delicacy of Miss Richardson's impressionism, see J. D. Beresford's introduction to *Pointed Roofs,* H. G. Wells's preface to *Nocturne,* by Frank Swinnerton [Doran, 1918], and Randolph Bourne's review of *Honeycomb* in *The Dial* of May 9, 1918.

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guage: then the objectivists, and with them the vestiges of the novel, will be automatically excluded, for simple lack of any medium to be objective in. Mr. Kenneth Grahame, in a passage about the widening margins of present-day volumes of verse, salutes that "true poet" of the future "who, disdaining the trivialities of text, shall give the world a book of verse consisting entirely of margin." And . . . it may be only a too idle fancy . . . but . . . it almost seems . . . yes, I do, . . . glimpse in my mind's eye . . . it ought to be in lavender covers, you know . . . paper label and all that . . . a thick volume . . . uncut pages . . . and everywhere nothing . . . nothing at all but . . . rows . . . rows and rows of . . . dots.

ON BIDDING FAREWELL TO A POET, GONE TO THE WARS

BY JOHN BUNKER

You didn't pose, self-conscious of your lot,
Or speak of what might be or might have been;
You always thought heroics simply rot,
And so you merely wore your old-time grin.

Whether you had a vision in your eyes,
Or bore a splendid dream within your heart,
I couldn't tell; such things come with surprise
And cannot be forecast by any art.

Of those high secrets I can say no word,
Nor why on this grim business you were bent;
What dreams, what visions in your bosom stirred
Will doubtless be made clear by the event.

I know but this, that 'mid the manifold din
Of breaking camp we said good-bye, we two,
And you looked at me with your old-time grin,—
And that is all I can report of you.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOKSTORE

BY H. H. MANCHESTER

PART III. THE BOOKSTORE BEGINS TO FUNCTION, 1650-1800

THE literary history of England from the Restoration to the French Revolution discloses that in this period, as previously, the market had an almost decisive influence on the application of literary ability, but reveals for the first time authors who attained success from their book sales alone, independent of personal or party patronage, and even of the stage.

From the viewpoint of the bookseller, the situation in England in the middle of the seventeenth century presented a rapidly running film of violent changes.

The abolition of the Star Chamber in 1641 gave, for a brief space, general freedom of the press, but was followed in 1643 by a parliamentary order for the regulation of printing, which called forth Milton's *Areopagitica*. By the act of 1649 the censorship was continued under Cromwell. After the Restoration the state control of printing and bookselling was resumed by the licensing act of 1662. This reduced the number of master printers to twenty in London, besides two at the universities and one at York. The next year the authority formerly held by the stationers' company was assigned to a surveyor of the printing press who had the power of registering and licensing books and papers, and of search for illegal issues. The rights of the owner of a work were presumably protected from piratical printers, and for this reason when authors disposed of their writings to a bookseller they usually sold them in perpetuity. In the case of a play, however, the author generally received the proceeds from the third or some other benefit night, and if the play were published was allowed further compensation as in the case of a book.

Toward the end of the seventeenth century the bookstore was either in direct connection with the print shop and bindery or was a branch stall in Paternoster Row, Little Britain or elsewhere. If a stall, it was sometimes in an arcade and sometimes under a porch in the front of a dwelling. The shops in either case were open to the view of the passerby and as yet without show windows, though they had shutters which could be closed for protection at night or on Sunday. Often a book's only advertising was its own back, but announcements of new books were frequently stuck up on the posts at the outside of the shop. Readers were long permitted to glance over the inside of the volumes, but some of the booksellers were beginning to object to this custom.

The times were filled with religious and civil turmoil, which created what was then an enormous market for theological and political tracts. Men who could scarcely read pored over the most abstruse and long-winded dissertations, and thousands of such tracts were published by authors and booksellers, who were quick to seize

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the opportunities offered. In fact, the great majority of the new books printed were propaganda.

Milton lost his eyesight in attempting to finish a pamphlet which he considered had to be done at once, and, although *Paradise Lost* was not published until after the Restoration, it was an outgrowth of the religious conflicts of the time. Even more directly, *Pilgrim's Progress*, published in 1678, was intended to teach, in an allegory, the principles of the non-Conformist faith.

Milton, who was a man of independent means, apparently had little premonition of the popularity of *Paradise Lost*, as he sold it in 1667 to Samuel Simmons for £5 down and £5 after the sale of each of the first three impressions.

In contrast with this, William Bates, in 1674, sold to a bookseller *The Harmony of Divine Attributes* for over £100. Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* was printed by Nathaniel Ponder, and sold at a comparatively low price, 1s. and 6d. There were ten editions published in the first seven years. The comparatively illiterate preacher mounted to a high place among the Baptists, and produced a number of other works to supply the market which *Pilgrim's Progress* had discovered.

Many others tried to reap in the same field, but none could compare with the son of the tinker. Probably the most successful was the satirist of Puritanism, Samuel Butler, whose *Hudibras*, issued by the bookseller, Richard Marriott, and later by Martin and Allestree, had a tremendous success in Conformist circles.

Even after the Restoration, the religious or political pamphlet was still a standard product handled by the bookseller. Besides this, he sold principally plays, poems, travels, and the classics, for there were few histories on his shelves, and novels and essays had not as yet been introduced.

While the author looked to the bookseller for compensation, he probably had his eye out still more anxiously for a patron. The bookseller could not yet market large enough editions to make writing pay in itself, and the independent man of letters was not yet fully evolved. But while patronage had formerly been personal, in England it was now assumed by the political parties.

A good illustration of this is John Dryden. He belonged to a landed family and, after his graduation from Cambridge in 1650, he was clerk to his cousin, Sir Gilbert Pickering, who was chamberlain to Cromwell. In 1659 Dryden wrote his *Heroic Stanzas* on Cromwell's death, but the next year hailed the return of King Charles in *Astræa Redux* and *A Panegyric on the Coronation*. He was more independent in his play writing, but in 1667 he was retained as a writer for the King's Theatre at £300 to £400 a year. In 1670 he was made poet laureate with an annual pension of £300. Jacob Tonson, the bookseller, in 1679 paid him £20 for *Troilus and Cressida*, and in 1684 began publishing the *Miscellany* under his editorship.

Dryden changed patrons and faiths in 1685, and lost his offices when the new dynasty was established in 1688. It is unnecessary to state that his really wonderful satires were written to further the cause of his patrons.

Strikingly enough, it was after his dismissal from the laureateship that he was connected with a new and remarkably successful innovation in

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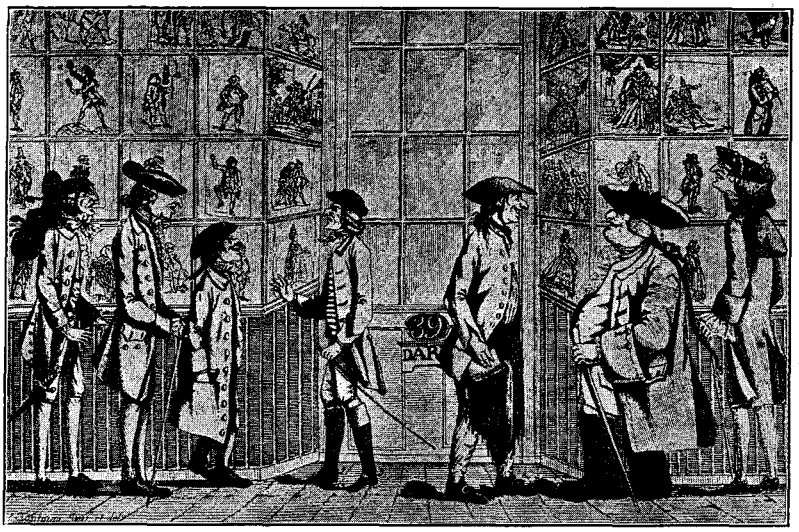

DARLEY'S BOOK SHOP WITH PRINTS IN THE WINDOW, END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

bookselling. He and his bookseller, Tonson, conceived the idea that a translation of Virgil under his name would be in demand, but the work involved was so arduous that subscriptions for it were taken before publication in order to guarantee him payment. In this way, and as presents from those to whom the books were dedicated, he received some £1200. Tonson wanted the whole dedicated to William III, but Dryden refused. Tonson thereupon had the engravings of Æneas altered and given a hooked nose to look like the king. For a century afterward, pre-publication subscription was a favourite method of author and bookseller. In a way it was the substitution of many patrons for one, with the advantage of having the public only to please.

The licensing act controlling bookselling expired in 1694, and for fifteen years there was practically no protection against piratical printers. As a consequence, booksellers were afraid to risk much on new productions, though propaganda was still brought out to further one cause or another. Only twenty-six books were registered between 1701 and 1708. Writers had to look for their compensation either to patronage or the stage.

In 1709, however, a copyright law was passed, entitled "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning." It renewed the rights in old books for twenty-one years, and gave an author control over a new work for fourteen years, and if he lived for fourteen more. If the price was considered too high, authority could be invoked to fix a more reasonable one. This again gave protection to the owner of literary property, and afforded both author and bookseller an opportunity to make something out of it. It is probably no mere accident that the *Tatler* and *Spectator* followed immediately after the passage of the law.

The dependence on patronage, nevertheless, long continued, as may be seen in the case of Dean

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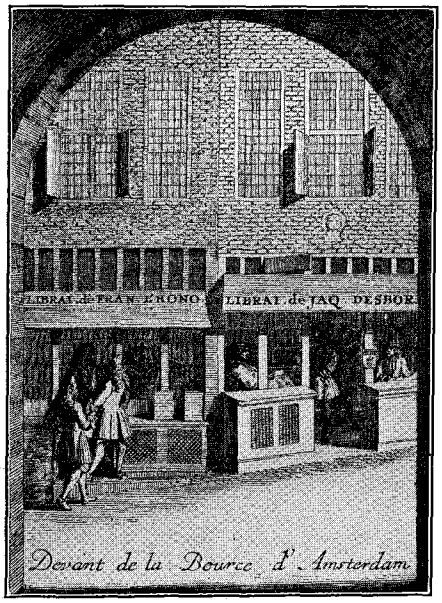
Swift, Addison, and even Richard Steele.

As a rather inadequate reward for his vigorous pamphleteering, Swift was made Dean of St. Patrick's Church in Dublin. He claimed the only direct pay he received for his writings was £200 for *Gulliver's Travels* from Benjamin Motte. Addison received a pension from the Government as early as his twenty-seventh year. After this was stopped, at the death of King William, he wrote practically to order, in 1704, *The Campaign*, in celebration of Marlborough's victory at Blenheim. As a reward he received the place left vacant by John Locke, and in 1706 was made Under Secretary of State. Though his tragedy, *Cato*, paid him some £1500, his career, on the whole, was that of a successful political publicity man. Even Richard Steele, in spite of his many escapades, received a £300 office on the *Gazette* in 1707, and was eventually knighted in 1715 in compensation for his violent Whig pamphlets.

A FRENCH ENGRAVING ILLUSTRATING A BOOKSTALL IN AN ARCADE EARLY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



TWO AMSTERDAM BOOK SHOPS OF ABOUT 1715, LOCATED IN THE PORCHES OF DWELLINGS

The simple fact is that writers up to this time had been forced to use their talent where it would pay, not only in position but money. The greatest returns had come first through personal and later party patronage, and the next greatest from the stage, while those through the booksellers were only just beginning.

Addison, for example, made far more through politics than the stage, and more from the stage than from his work in the *Spectator*.

The *Tatler* and the *Spectator*,

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THE BOOK SHOP OF HERMAN DE WIT, ABOUT 1763. NOTE THE BINDING STILL BEING DONE IN THE SHOP

however, show that even literature as literature was beginning to sell. They embodied neither propaganda nor principally news, but a novel literary form, the essay. The editions of the *Spectator* sometimes rose to twenty thousand copies, which were issued first by Samuel Buckley, and later by Buckley and Tonson. After the numbers were collected in volumes, Buckley and Tonson paid Addison and Steele £575 for their half interest.

The increasing possibilities of bookstore sales are illustrated in the career of Daniel Defoe. While Defoe was at one time or another in the pay of the Government, he was also condemned and imprisoned by it. He was a prodigious writer of pamphlets upon all sorts of subjects from religious and political to the life of a newly hung rogue. He even issued a review written entirely by himself which amounted to over eight volumes. He depended for returns from all of this work upon the bookstores and peddlers. His *Robinson Crusoe* had a tremendous sale, and in 1724 Defoe built a large house at Stoke Newington with expansive stables and grounds.

Defoe's methods were somewhat subterranean, and possibly the first clear example of a writer existing entirely upon the sale of his works was Alexander Pope.

The bookseller Tonson's *Miscellany* published a pastoral by Pope in 1709 which brought him to the notice of Dryden. Pope's *Essay on Criticism* appeared when he was twenty-three, under Lewis's imprint, and his *Rape of the Lock* a year later in Bernot Lintot's *Miscellanies*. While these made his reputation, he probably received less than £200 for them. In 1713, however, together with the bookseller Lintot, he decided that a translation of the *Iliad*, in

A BOOKSELLER AND BOOKBINDER'S SHOP WITH SHOW WINDOWS, LATTER HALF OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

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harmony with the classical spirit of the time, would sell. Remembering that Dryden got about £1200 through using the subscription method of introducing his translation of *Virgil*, Lintot and Pope applied the same plan to the *Iliad*. The result was really amazing. Some six hundred and fifty copies were subscribed for at a guinea apiece before publication, which began in 1715. As Pope received in addition £200 a volume from Lintot, he amassed in all over £5000 from the transaction. Thus this one work practically made Pope independent for life. Lintot's profits, however, were cut by the surreptitious importation and sale of an edition printed in Holland.

The same method was used with the *Odyssey* between 1723 and 1725. Pope received £4500, but gave £570 to Broome and £200 to Fenton, who did about half of the translation.

Thus, it will be noted, the first really great sales of books were made by subscription. The author, the bookseller, and their friends all boosted the project in the coffee houses and taverns, and in this way reached a far wider clientèle than was possible through a stationary bookstore.

The terms bookseller and publisher were still more or less interchangeable, as most booksellers were publishers, and most publishers had bookstores. But the booksellers handled one another's publications, and in fact often printed in cooperation. A booksellers' club, the Conger, was started in 1719 and the New Conger Club in 1736, at both of which a publishing venture was often divided into shares. Thus a sixteenth interest in *Pamela* was sold for £18, and a hundredth interest in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* for £11.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century several modifications in the bookstores became noticeable. In the first place they were larger and often included several rooms or at least an office besides the show room. They were also now enclosed or shut in from the street by windows. This advance was probably aided by the growing popularity of prints, and there are several cuts of bookstores exhibiting caricatures by Darley, Cruikshank, Rowlandson and others in their show windows.

Even after the copyright law of 1709 there was a question as to whether the common-law rights of owners of literary property were not protected beyond the periods mentioned in the law. For a time these rights were maintained. Thus the rights to *Paradise Lost* by an assignment of 1667 were protected by the court in 1713. Andrew Millar, the bookseller, in 1729 paid £242 10s. for the rights to *The Seasons*, by James Thompson. In 1769 these were protected by the Court of the King's Bench against Robert Taylor, whereupon they were purchased by another bookseller, Thomas Becket, for £505. Inconsistently enough, he was not protected in 1774 against Alexander Donaldson of Edinburgh selling in London, and the decision reduced the exclusive ownership privileges to fourteen years, with, if the author still lived, fourteen years additional.

Though the sales of his books alone were sufficient to give success to Pope, many of the eighteenth-century authors who followed him were not so fortunate.

Richardson, of course, reached success as a printer long before he

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HUMPHREY'S BOOK SHOP, WITH GILROY'S PRINTS IN THE WINDOW

wrote *Pamela*, which, by the way, was suggested by two of his bookseller friends, Rivington of St. Paul's Churchyard and Osborn of Paternoster Row.

On the other hand, Fielding tried play writing and the law before he got the notion of composing a take-off on *Pamela* in *Joseph Andrews*. This developed into what Fielding called a "comic epic in prose," and believed a new form of literature. Andrew Millar, the bookseller, paid him £183 11s. for it.

The patronage still given writers is illustrated by the fact that Fielding was soon made an editor of newspapers for the ministry, and later the principal Justice of the Peace for Middlesex at £300 per year. By 1749 Millar had also paid him £700 for *Tom Jones*, and by 1753 £1000 for *Amelia*. Thus Fielding's receipts probably came about half from the bookstores and half from his political emoluments.

Rough Samuel Johnson was temperamentally still less fitted to depend on patronage, and yet, in spite of being the dictator of English letters, could scarcely carry himself from his book sales alone. Himself the son of a bookseller, he was from 1737 for several years a bookseller's hack, writing up the speeches of Parliament from mere notes for Cave of the *Gentlemen's Magazine*. In 1738 he received 10 guineas from Robert Dodsley for his poem, *London*, which did much to make him

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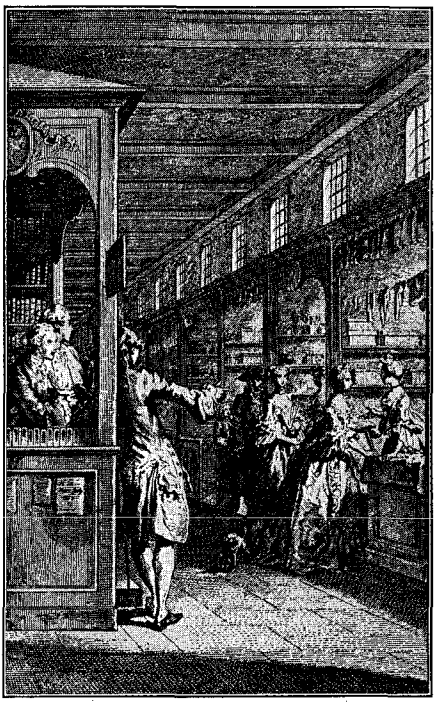

A BOOK-STALL OF ABOUT 1764, LOCATED IN A HALL AS A HUNDRED YEARS BEFORE

known. For his dictionary, which largely occupied him from 1747 to 1755, he received 1500 guineas from Dodsley, Millar, and the various other publishers associated in the enterprise. Most of this had already been spent, and the next year he was arrested for a debt which was paid by Richardson. In order to pay for his mother's funeral, he wrote *Rasselas* on short notice, receiving £100 for it. In 1762 he was finally given a pension of £300 by the Government, and for the first time became free from financial worries. Some seventy-five political tracts which followed indicate that he earned his money.

Johnson always had a way of doing more than he intended when he started out. A combination of forty or more booksellers, led by Edward Dilly, suggested his editing the *Lives of the Poets*. He agreed to do it for 300 guineas, when they would probably have given a thousand. To make his bargain worse, the *Lives* ran to much greater lengths than he anticipated, and the booksellers made about £5000 from them.

A letter of Johnson's gives his view of the relative prices to be asked by wholesale and retail booksellers. The primary agent, in whose warehouse the stock was kept, was to get the work for 14s. and receive one copy for each twenty-five taken. The wholesaler was to pay 15s. and receive one copy for each twenty-five ordered. The country bookseller was to pay 16s. 6d. and the customer 20s.

One writer of the time, to whom the booksellers paid more than he could have earned at anything else, was Oliver Goldsmith. After failing at everything he undertook, he at length (1758) became a hack writer for the bookseller, Newbery, at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard. In the next few years, although considered personally a "boob," it began to be realised that he could write, and in 1763 he was made a member of Johnson's club.

There is a story that when Goldsmith was about to be arrested for debt, Johnson sold *The Vicar of Wakefield* to Newbery for him for £60. He received £40 from *The Traveller* in 1764. Four years later his play, *The Good Natured Man*, paid him £500. In the meantime Newbery had discovered that Goldsmith could turn out popular histories. He was paid £250 for his *History of Rome*, £500 for that of England, £250 for that of Greece, and 800 guineas for his *Natural History*. In short, he received about £400 a year at a time when money

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went a great deal farther than now. Thus, in spite of the fact that Goldsmith's general lack of common sense kept him continually in difficulties, he is evidence that the bookstores had by this time arrived at a point of development where they could support a writer.

It was no accident that Newbery found a demand for Goldsmith's popular histories, for in the latter half of the eighteenth century a wide market for histories had grown up in England. Some of the most conspicuous successes in bookselling were in this field.

A good illustration of this may be found in the career of David Hume. In 1739 the bookseller, John Noone, paid Hume £50 for the first two volumes of his *Treatise of Human Nature*, and probably lost money on the bargain. For several years we find Hume in hard straits. In 1754, however, the bookseller, Millar, published the first volume of Hume's *History of England*. After a slow start, the sales seem to have increased in geometrical proportion. Millar paid Hume £400 on the first volume, £700 on the second, and 800 guineas for the copyright of the two volumes. When the last two volumes were published, Millar bought the copyright for £1400. Not long after this, Hume wrote that his own copy money exceeded anything previously known in England.

For his *History of Scotland*, published in 1759, William Robertson obtained only £600, but Millar and Cadell cleared some £6000 from it. This success, however, made Robertson's work in demand, and he received £4500 for his *History of Charles V*. Just how much Gibbon got for his *Decline and Fall* is uncertain, but it is known that Cadell and Strahan agreed to give him two-thirds of the profits.

Such examples prove not only that the booksellers had learned both to sense a demand and dispose of their wares, but that the authors were getting their share of the substantial returns. Thus if we hold that the function of the bookstore is to discover, create, or supply a market for literature sufficient to encourage literary work, it may be said that it was at length approaching this goal.

SALEM OF THE WITCHES

BY HELEN W. HENDERSON

SALEM plants frankly her worst foot foremost. A city deflected from its intended course by the caprice of fortune, the immediate prospect into which the æsthetic loiterer is steamed, over the antiquated roadway from Lynn and Boston, is the one which, though standing upon oldest ground, has been most "tampered with" in the effort of a petty commerce to react against the oblivion into which vaster enterprise has ruthlessly cast this delicious town.

That the loiterer is *steamed* at all, in place of being wafted, as was the original intention, makes at once for the false note in the picture, offers the awakening jolt to serene æstheticism. All that is beautiful, historic, epic in Salem antedates the steam road, which, as a mere afterthought,

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drags us in by a back way, through the débris of the great fire, past the horrors of the reconstruction period, presents the picture—to return to my figure—upside down, wrong side out.

Yet the afterthought, as a symbol of the turning current which left Salem, at the height of its prosperity, stranded and impotent, operating at the same time to the immense advantage of such then minor ports as New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, explains so much of Salem's plight, that it may be well to deal with it just here on the threshold.

This threshold, in fact, considering it to be the early Norman shell which stands thinly before the train shed, marks the last stand which the town made against supersession, before yielding, relinquishing its claim to be the court city of New England. Salem, the most ancient town of old Massachusetts, the second English settlement of New England, the second city to be incorporated in the Commonwealth, had from the beginning been thought destined to be the seat of state government. And it was in this fond conviction, this hope against hope, that David Augustus Neal, the president of the Old Eastern Railway, built this imposing gateway to his native place.

The sublime irrelevance of early Norman intrusion in this purest of Georgian settings—of castellated turrets, and mullioned windows screening the sooty exhalations of transient engines that thundered into the artless rear of the masked train-shed, and charged on through the unsubstantiated façade, and so, burrowing Washington Street, through a short, black tunnel, on to Beverly—was not to strike this ardent citizen, bent wholly and only upon enriching still further the already famous architecture of his town. Salem folks were accustomed to exotics; the captains had for upward of two centuries been bringing curios from the Eastern ports into the town, but until now they had been satisfied with the designs of the local housewrights for their dwellings and public buildings. Just what they thought of this first departure from the simplicity of indigenous building I have not been able to discover. David Augustus Neal had been abroad, he had seen such things in foreign cities—inland cities where the captains did not go—and in place of bringing objects for the museum he brought ideas for a far grander Salem—Salem the capital of Massachusetts—and possibly the quiet citizens accepted the turrets and the rest as something befitting its potential exaltation.

That it took a certain hold on the place is shown by the old church of about the same epoch (1846) which faces the ancient common, presenting a Melrose Abbey window between indented towers, and designed by Richard Upjohn, the famous architect of New York's famous Trinity Church, finished this same year.

In the comparative juvenility of one's own backward reach, as reaches go, the Salem threshold was already old and blackened with age and use when first seen on a trip to the end of Cape Ann, when it was accepted unquestionably as one of the "sights" of a more extended travel than had hitherto been taken. It seemed in those days quite the most symbolic thing in Salem, and, taken in connection with the short, black tunnel, far more suggestive of witches and

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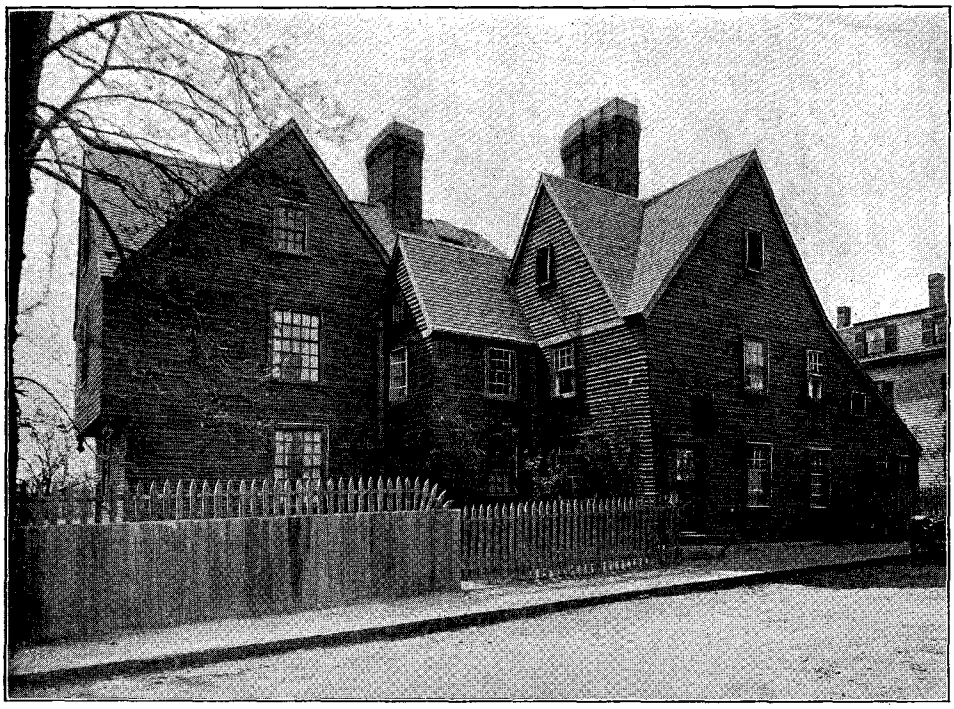

THE HOUSE OF SEVEN GABLES, A NOTORIOUS EXAMPLE OF RECONSTRUCTED ANTIQUITY IN RESPONSE TO THE POPULAR DEMAND FOR A VISIBLE RELIC OF HAWTHORNE'S DELIGHTFUL ROMANCE

witching than Gallows' Hill, for all its awful name; or the Witch House, endeared more particularly to the unfledged mind as a store-house of the native and, alas, all too late lamented Salem Gibraltar, of happy memory; or the mild-mannered slate in the burying ground over the mortal remains of the wife of old Giles Corey—he, poor dear, was crushed to death for holding his tongue, in the witchcraft trials, and so, one pictured, had no mortal remains; more suggestive, in fine, than the House of Seven Gables itself, hopelessly confounded in one's summary of the ancient legends, but made out vaguely by the fledgling to have had to do with witching because of its many peaked ends, or hoods, clearly relics of the witches themselves!

The Old Eastern Railway wears its giant's robe loosely, carelessly, a thin disguise donned by a bold masquerader who came to town intent upon plunder and who got away with literally everything there was to take. What the swaggering bully came for is only too pitifully evident, if one will but take the trouble to delve, or even to dip a little into the annals of the town.

Salem's prestige was as a port. Its proper and logical approach is from the sea. As one sails into the harbour around the promontory of Marblehead, or down the coast from the Eastern Point of Cape Ann, one gets the true picture of the town—from that side the scene is set, and any other entrée is to enter the stage from behind the scenes or through the wings. My theory is that what with witches and witchcraft, which

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have been vastly overworked; and Hawthorne and his scarcely localised Seven Gables, in which the tourist mind has been steeped, and which if faithfully followed up can readily consume the few hours between trains usually allotted for the "doing" of Salem, the intenser romance of the dead maritime industries, extinguished by the railroad, has been overlooked, or minimised fairly out of its true relation.

The only communication of the first settlers with the civilised world, we are constantly to remind ourselves, was by sea. There were no roads; almost all traffic between the colonies was by water. This was especially true of New England, whose sea was full of fish, and whose forests ran down to the water's edge, convenient for the building of boats. When the Plymouth Colony sent its first offshoot to the North Shore, it came by the simple short way across the water. As *Naumkeag*, or Marble-harbour, or Salem, to give its three stages at a bound, was first "patented," it embraced in one New England "town" the villages now known as Manchester, Beverly, Danvers, Peabody, Middleton, with parts of Lynn, Topsfield, and Wenham, all readily enough accessible by boats, though awkward to come at by land. There were indeed so many boats plying across the harbour and up and down the rivers that Pastor Higginson, writing in 1633, says: "There be more canoes in this town than in all the whole patent; every household having a water horse or two."

The first of the now dead maritime industries was fishing. In the library of the Essex Institute in Salem may be seen Roger Conant's charter, dated 1623, which licensed the settling of the North Shore of Massachusetts Bay. Early in the year 1624 Robert Cushman wrote Bradford: "We have tooke a patente for Cape Anne." This patent or charter was issued by Lord Sheffield, a member of the council for New England, to the associates of Robert Cushman and Edward Winslow. It gave "free liberty to ffish, fowle, hawke, and hunt, truck, and trade," in the region of Cape Ann. Five hundred acres were to be reserved for public uses, "as for the building of a towne, schooles, churches, hospitals," etc., and thirty acres were to be allotted every person, young or old, who should come and dwell at Cape Ann within the next seven years. These allotments were to be made "in one entire place, and not stragling in dyvers or remote parcells." This whole grant furthermore was not to exceed one and a half miles of water front. This was the first legal basis for the settlement and defence of an English town upon Cape Ann, where Gloucester was afterward built.

The big idea with England, or with the "adventurers"—the word was used in the special old sense of speculators — formed into divers companies to open up the resources of the colonial possessions—was to push the settlement of the large grants by dividing the land in severalty among their members. The region about Cape Ann fell to Edmund, Lord Sheffield; he sold the patent for it to Cushman and Winslow, acting for the Plymouth Colony. England, as we know, had but the vaguest ideas upon the extent of the territory which it dispensed with an indiscriminate largesse that frequently led to bitter misunderstandings when the various

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owners came to take possession of grants or purchases. When the Plymouth Colony attempted to push its claim upon Cape Ann, it found the place already planted as a fishing stage by the "Dorchester Adventurers," an unincorporated stock company of merchants in the shire town of Dorset, who had been sending vessels to fish off the New England coast. For the time, the two claimants made room for each other and agreed, but inevitable disputes and complications were finally settled, in 1624, by Winslow's company selling out its rights—comprising the site of Gloucester—to the Dorchester Adventurers.

The Puritans were very bad fishermen. There is recorded no instance of a successful fishing stage being conducted by any of the offshoots of the Pilgrim fathers. Roger Conant made a signal failure of the business when, upon a reconstruction of the management of the settlement at Cape Ann, he was invited by the Dorchester Company to act as overseer or governor of that enterprise. Hubbard describes him as a "religious, sober, and prudent gentleman." He figures in the early history of the planters as an independent settler, who had withdrawn from Plymouth because of a disaffection for the Separatist views of that community. With the failure of the fishing stage at Gloucester followed the dissolution of the "adventurers" and most of the settlers returned to England. Conant marshalled the remnant of the colony and transplanted it to the sheltered harbour of the peninsula known to the Indians as *Nahumkeike* or *Naumkeag*, where he founded Salem.

Conant's staunch character was all that held the depleted colony together during the first months which followed his removal to Salem. His little band was all for disintegration, flight to Virginia, or even home to England; but Conant had the tenacity of purpose of strong men and he stayed the flight, as he himself says, by his "utter deniall to goe away" and so they held the ground taken, at the "hassard" of their lives.

While they held the ground, their cause was pushed zealously at home by the Rev. John White, of Dorchester, a famous Puritan divine, usually called the Patriarch of Dorchester, whose heart was set upon the establishment of colonies in Massachusetts which might become places of refuge from the corruptions and oppressions which prevailed at home under James I. Conant came to *Naumkeag* in the autumn of 1626 and there were two years of solitary struggle there for maintenance, before White was able to make good his promises to the colony. Through his intervention, however, in the spring of 1628, a grant was obtained from the council for New England, conveying a new territory included liberally between three miles north of the Merrimac River and three miles south of the Charles, and extending grandly from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. This grant was of course made when the Pacific coast was supposed to lie not far west of the Hudson, and, in the usual heedless style, ignored several preceding patents obligingly issued for parts of the same territory, engendering disputes and wrangles which were to occupy the settlers for fully half a century to come.

The grant was, however, backed up by the arrival of John Endicott, in September of the same year, with

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sixty persons to reinforce the settlement at *Naumkeag*, and with a charter which suspended that of Roger Conant, disposed of in the casual manner of the remoter government. In the ensuing months eleven ships brought a total of fifteen hundred colonists to swell the domain, and, Conant ousted, Endicott found himself governor of a larger colony than Plymouth after its nine years of struggle and growth. Roger Conant's part was played, he could but yield to Endicott's authority, while the first settlers were transferred along with the land, the whole incorporated into a town under the Hebrew name, Salem, to signify the peace which they established together there.

With a profounder sense of the psychology of government than is usually accredited to them, the home guard in outfitting the colonial settlements saw well to it that some form of the "church" should go hand in hand with the elements of "state."

When Roger Conant split away from the Plymouth Colony, it was in company with others who sided with the Rev. John Lyford, who had been banished from that community. We read so much about the religious intolerance of the Puritan settlements that it seems only fair to acquit the forefathers, in this case, of any religious prejudice. The case against the Rev. John Lyford, as related in the Bradford History, has little enough to do with religion, save where the offender profited by the protection of his cloth, and makes as pretty a piece of common scandal as one could wish to read. Bradford deals with it with that naïveté and simplicity that makes the charm of his narrative throughout—he never seems to judge in so many words, but one feels the intensely human passion through his temperate sentences, and with what satisfaction he sits back and watches the working out of a divine vengeance.

The specific charge against Lyford—the last straw added to much incriminating evidence of a similar nature, adduced by his unfortunate wife—Bradford goes into with considerable restraint, yet artfully disclosing the whole sordid story—a sordid story which is, however, perversely, not without its distinctly humourous side. Lyford in his capacity as pastor of the flock is appealed to by one of the ingenuous young lambs to pass upon the worthiness of a young woman whom the youth thinks of taking for a wife, yet holds his ardour in abeyance pending the decision of his spiritual adviser as to the wisdom of his choice. Lyford, with a caution all too exemplary, defers judgment, putting the young lamb off until he can find occasion, as he says, to meet and know the young woman well enough to speak with authority upon so important a matter. There seems to have been nothing that Lyford would not do for a friend, and so throwing himself without reserve into the investigation, he informs himself upon the girl most thoroughly and capably, leaving no aspect of her eligibility untested, as all too lamentably comes out in her future state; but for the time Lyford seeks out our young man, recommends his choice with warmth as "fitted" in every way to be his wife, and so leaves it. The scoundrel has not counted, however, upon the girl's reaction, her own fundamental integrity. She inevitably tells her husband and he, of course, bears the

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monstrous tale to the heads of the Plymouth Colony.

Whether the truth of the matter was hushed up and the case put upon some political difference, or whatever, Bradford does not make clear; but at any rate we find Lyford leaving Plymouth immediately after, followed by a certain number of loyal adherents. The seceders retired to Narragansett, and it was from the temporary settlement there that the Dorchester company chose Roger Conant to take charge of the planting and fishing at Cape Ann; John Oldham, who was afterward murdered by the Indians at Block Island, to superintend the Indan trade; and Lyford to officiate as minister. Possibly the charge against the latter was not understood by the Patriarch of Dorchester, at least. Lyford's subsequent departure from Cape Ann to Virginia split up and nearly wrecked the community, for most of the members wished to follow their pastor.

Endicott's installation, as governor of Conant's transplanted colony, was after the arrival at Salem of the first six ships that came to swell its numbers under the leadership of Francis Higginson, of St. John's College, Cambridge, rector of a church in Leicestershire, who had been deprived of his living for non-Conformity. He came out to *Naumkeag* to found the church in the new community, and the more gladly as he hoped by this change to re-establish his infirm health and prolong his usefulness. His mildness of spirit is brought out in the picture recorded of him, calling his family and friends to the stern of the vessel as it quitted the old country and saying: "We do not go to New England as Separatists from the Church of England, though we cannot but separate from the corruption of it; but we go to practise the positive part of church reformation and propagate the gospel in America."

This was to mean the founding of the first completely organised Congregational Church in America. It marked one of the beginnings, also, of local civic government, for the inhabitants of Salem organised their church and chose their officers by ballot.

In Governor Bradford's *Letter Book* is preserved a letter written to Bradford by Charles Gott, of Salem, describing the ceremony of July 20, 1629, which Mr. Endicott had set apart for the choice of a pastor and teacher:

> Their choice was after this manner, every fit member wrote in a note his name whom the Lord moved him to think was fit for a pastor, and so likewise whom they would have for a teacher; so the most voice was for Mr. Skelton to be pastor and Mr. Higgi(n)son teacher; and they accepting the choice, Mr. Higgi(n)son with three or four of the gravest members of the church laid their hands on Mr. Skelton using prayers therewith. This being done, then there was an imposition of hands on Mr. Higgi(n)-son. Then there was proceeding in election of elders and deacons, but they were only named and laying on of hands deferred (prudent forefathers!) to see if it pleased God to send us more able men over.

The assembly at which this was done has been called the first "town meeting" in Massachusetts. Its action formed the practical cement to the colony, the scientific union of church and state which was to operate for the groundwork of the plant whose shoots were in so short a time to extend so far afield.

These were days of great mortality among the colonists. It has been estimated that from April to

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December, of the year following its settlement, one hundred of the people of Salem died. Higginson was among the number; he lived to preside over his flock little more than a year after his election, dying on August 6, 1630, at the early age of forty-three. Deprived of their teacher, Roger Williams was invited to come over from Plymouth and settle as teacher with Mr. Skelton. And upon the latter's death, in 1634, he succeeded as minister, remaining in all but briefly, owing to what Bradford calls his "unsettled judgmente," which led them to part easily with him at Plymouth and caused the magistrates to drive him from Salem, whence he went into the wilderness to become the founder of the State of Rhode Island.

We are to think of Salem in these early days as playing New York's present part, in acting as the great clearing house for immigration. Extremely restricted within its natural boundaries, the outlying parts of the town separated by rivers and harbours, there was literally no room for growth and development commensurate with the influx of the English Puritans, who now began to pour into the country, driven by the great exodus, of which the tentative voyage of the *Mayflower* had been but premonitory. Salem, under the more efficient management of the party directing affairs in England, became the logical *porte d'entrée*, superseding Plymouth so thoroughly that that initial settlement was soon swallowed up for identity in the easy domination of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

Of such immigrants as arrived in the first ships, Salem itself retained a small percentage. When, in 1630, Winthrop came to supersede Endicott as the governor of the colony, land was already scarce and his followers sought new places for their settlements. Watertown, Roxbury, Dorchester were among the first towns settled by them. As early as 1634 some settlers who had left Salem for the Agawam River began a new town under the name of Ipswich. This was the beginning of a gradual disintegration, not at once regarded, however, since it was in this same year that Salem, on her own account, and regardless of the different members of the "town," began most substantially to flourish in the way in which she was to achieve so magnificently her pre-eminence.

In 1636 there was built at "Marble-harbour," the *Desire*, a vessel of one hundred and twenty tons, commanded by Captain Pierce, who made the first almanack published in America. In 1640 a ship of three hundred tons was built at Salem, and within two years still another of goodly size was launched, with such success that Salem had no rival in this commerce, and was now spoken of confidently as the proper seat of government.

On the other hand the "members" of the all-embracing Salem began to flourish in their own ways, and with that independence of spirit which first brought the colonists out from England began to desire their own government. Wenham was the first to have its way; it split off from the parent stem in 1643. Manchester became a town in 1645, Marblehead, on the strength of its superiority in the fishing industry, in 1648, Topsfield in 1650, and Beverly in 1668.

Salem as considered within its present bounds was first settled upon the North River. Reduced to its simplest terms, it began to develop its

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extraordinary resources as a port. Just how the port counted in those roadless days can be made out from an existing letter written, in 1631, by Mr. Endicott to Mr. Winthrop, already settled in Boston upon the Shawmut peninsula, in which he regrets his inability to be present at the Court, to which end, he says: "I put to sea yesterday and was driven back again, the wind being stiff against us. And there being no canoe or boat at Saugus," he explains, as if to light our vision of the case, "I must have been constrained to go to the Mystic and thence about to Charlestown, which at that time, durst not be so bold, my body being at present in an ill condition to wade, or take cold, and therefore I desire you to pardon me." And for the hazards of travel by land and sea, we read at about this same time, or at any rate shortly after the settlement of Boston, of an adventurous company making a four days' trip from Salem to see the new plantation, and upon their safe arrival home again that they fell upon their knees and thanked God for preserving them through the perils and dangers of their journey!

I should like, then, to take my loiterers on yachts, or schooners, in the old way, through one of the several channels noted by Nathaniel Bowditch, in his directions for sailing into Salem, according to his beautifully clear chart of the harbour. We should then get the true impression of the ancient city, all its factors depending upon their relation to the sea, and its arms, which hold the limited area within a close embrace. We could still land from the safe and convenient harbour at the old Derby Wharf, the centre of mercantile activities in the days when Salem was one of the leading American ports.

Salem could be approached handsomely on both sides of the narrow peninsula, either from the harbour direct or from the wide North River, now reduced to a mere water-way, to take the ebb and flow of the tide, but in those days navigable as far inland as Peabody. As it originally developed in relation to its port, Salem residences were so planted that their gardens ran down to the water fronts, while Essex Street meandered through the rear end of the lots which fronted on the rivers. An arm of the harbour known as the South River, frequently alluded to in the old writings, wandered out toward South Salem, part of its ancient bed now covered by the railway station and tracks. Washington Street was the first to be laid out; it was four rods wide and formed the connection between the "ways that bordered the North and South rivers."

Down to 1774 most of the dwellings were of wood and a few of the very oldest are still standing, presenting such curious architectural features as the overhanging second story with the curious "drops" depending from the corner posts, and the excessively pointed ends brought out with such extravagance in the House of Seven Gables, so called, on the water front, at the head of Turner Street. This house, originally built at some most remote date for Salem, had been altered and modernised into a mere semblance of its past or for that matter its present form, before the time that Hawthorne formed his slight connection with it as a visitor there to his cousin, Miss Ingersoll. It has been made, in its second remodelling, as one might

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say, a notorious example of reconstituted antiquity, the architect of its "reconstruction" having quite let himself go in the matter of tearing out and building up, in response to the popular demand for a peg upon which to hang Hawthorne's delightful romance.

The irresistible and deliberate *méchanceté* of Henry James's references to "the shapeless object by the waterside," visiting Salem in his most perverse and wilfully detached mood, has yet a delicious reactionary appeal to the anarchist in us all. Buried as they are in his notes upon America revisited, this author's little liked and little read, yet so subtle and, in part, so true, diatribe against the crudities of his native land—felt by him, as one senses, with the poignancy of an inalienable native—have almost the quality of impressions written for his eye alone, the sharp, remorseless point of his irony so neatly and artfully concealed in his famous *tournure de phrase*, of which the general reader makes so little. "The weak, vague domiciliary presence at the end of the lane," he so wonderfully ventures, "may have 'been' (in our poor parlance) the idea of the admirable book . . . but the idea, that is the inner force of the admirable book, so vividly forgets, before our eyes, any such origin or reference, 'cutting' it as a low acquaintance and outsoaring the shadow of its night, that the connection has turned a somersault into space, repudiated like a ladder kicked back from the top of a wall."

The Hathaway house, better known from its more recent use as the old bake shop, moved up from Washington Street* (where it was about to be destroyed) to keep company with the Seven Gables, probably antedates in construction the latter, and is decidedly Gothic—wooden Gothic of true seventeenth or even sixteenth century spirit. The Narbonne house, on Essex Street, built before 1680, is a perfect example of the lean-to type, preserving still the little shop door, once so characteristic of the old town. The dwelling situated in Broad Street opposite the western end of Burial Hill built in 1650, by John Pickering, has lost through embellishment its convincing air of antiquity, but figures none the less as one of the earliest and queerest of Salem houses. It was the birthplace, in 1745, of Timothy Pickering, the same who, as colonel of the First Regiment of militia, headed the assemblage at North Bridge, at the outbreak of the Revolution. This house is now occupied by the tenth generation in direct descent from the founder.

The Roger Williams house was built before 1635, and old pictures of it, made before the addition of the apothecary shop, which now defaces its once charming front, show a gambrel roof over an overhanging second story, wide chimneys in the middle and a fine old garden, opening from Essex Street.

The Essex Institute preserves a sketch of the "great house" built by Philip English, the first great shipping merchant of the colonies, in 1685 and torn down in 1833. It stood upon the harbour, at the corner of Webb Street and a lane named after its owner; its gables formed perfect equilateral triangles; the roof was of wooden shingles, with dormers across the Webb Street side, the sixteen-paned windows built flush with the eaves, and the overhanging second story ornamented

*On the site of the Federal Theatre.

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with a row of "drops" or globules depending from the projection.

Adjoining the Peabody Museum, in Essex Street, the distinguished gambrel roof, with varied dormers, of a house built by Colonel Benjamin Pickman in 1743, looks out over the vulgarity of the extinguishing row of modern shops, planted with singular offence straight in its fine old face. There is scarcely anything left but the roof to suggest a gentleman's residence in the complete despoliation of this pitiful fragment; yet the archway between the picture gallery and the museum of the Essex Institute, taken from this house, speaks for the quality of the interior woodwork. Tradition says that the Pickman house was built by an English housewright and the interior is described as characteristic of the pre-Revolutionary period. Benjamin Pickman's fortune was made by the exportation of codfish to the West Indies, a circumstance of which he was not ashamed. And in order to offset certain aristocratic pretensions on the part of other members of his family, he had set at the end of each stair in his hallway a carved and gilded effigy of the codfish, in grateful acknowledgment of the source of his wealth.

This quaint conceit, throwing a humourous light upon the character of Benjamin Pickman, of course had to come down to make room for the atrocities in the modern "improvements" to the house; but with the exception of one of the amusing fish, preserved in the Essex Institute, the whole stairway was transplanted to the house of a descendant of Colonel Pickman, in Newport, Rhode Island.

Pictures of the delightful mansion show it to have been seated within a generous garden, and to have rejoiced in fine old doorways and handsome windows, very much after the fashion of that tragic wreck, hemmed in by polyglot tenements, in Derby Street, said to be the oldest brick house now standing in Salem.

THE TREES OF PICARDY

BY ELIZABETH HANLY

Now April turns my orchard boughs
To rose and snow along the lane.
Last year, they say, the stricken trees
Knowing they would not bloom again
Were ruddier and lovelier
In Alsace and Lorraine.

A monarch at the garden gate,
My maple rears his stately head.
This year on Ypres' scarlet sod
A sapling maple grove burns red;
Canada's little exile trees
Above her exile dead.

Beyond our river's placid rim
The poplars whisper secretly.
How can you welcome spring again
Next year and all the years to be,
But to be hewn for crosses new,
O trees of Picardy?

My poplars bend their boughs to me
And say, "We stood on Calvary."

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SOME PLAYS IN PRINT

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN continues to bring us published plays, which, perhaps, is fortunate. If we were to depend on the produced dramas these days, we might easily be won over to peace at any price. A pile of these play-books lies before us, by Germans, Jews, Belgians, Irishmen, and Americans, male and female. The best play is by a German, with the Jew so close a second that we are in some doubt. The worst play is by an American. If this be treason, it is not our fault; blame the American playwrights.

Volume VII* of the dramatic works of Gerhart Hauptmann, in the edition edited by Ludwig Lewisohn, is out, and must very nearly complete the task of rendering these dramas into English. The present volume contains the famous Masque to commemorate the wars of liberation from the Napoleonic yoke, which was produced on a grand scale at Breslau by Max Reinhardt in 1913, and met with the extreme disfavour of the German rulers; *The Bow of Odysseus; Elga;* and two fragments, *Helios* and *Pastoral.* The Masque was very evidently written with Max Reinhardt's talents as a producer in mind. It calls for a huge orchestra pit, where crowds and processions swirl and march, and three stages rising behind, one above the other; it calls for cannon, thunder, lightning, spot lights, darkness, immense crowds, powerful voices, a vast audience. Written originally in involved, semi-humourous, colloquial German rimes, the text offered to the translator, Bayard Quincy Morgan, what Professor Lewisohn calls "almost insuperable difficulties." One wonders why the "almost." Certainly the translation, as English verse, is pretty sad. But the meaning is there, and the rush and imaginative power of the conception. In the hands of a producer like Reinhardt the effect must have been tremendous, and the piece will remain of permanent value to all who write and produce masques and out-door spectacles in the future, even though the theme is too Germanic for production elsewhere. Yet, paradoxically, what is of most interest just now is the content of this work. In 1913, when we heard of its production and suppression, we were given to understand that the appreciation of Napoleon was the cause of the Augustan displeasure. Reading it in the light of the last four years, we may well doubt this. Eloquently as it glorifies Germania, the Masque is a plea for, or rather a poetic promise of, universal peace and international goodwill, and it not only treats military glory with ironic scorn throughout, but it ends on a note of humourous contempt for Blücher, as the representative of militarism. As you read, you cannot help substituting Hindenburg or the Kaiser in your mind. When you consider what was already afoot in 1913, the real cause of the suppression is only too apparent.

*Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann, Vol. VII. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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The Bow of Odysseus, translated by Professor Lewisohn, is a poetic drama on the ancient theme, with an acid bite of reality Stephen Phillips could not achieve, and a swift, relentless, tense story. Penelope does not appear in the play at all. It is a characteristically modern stroke that the psychological problem involved is yet hers. Odysseus sums it up in the final speech, after he has bent the bow and slain the suitors.

> What will thy mother say, Oh Telemach,
> That I her favourite playthings broke so soon?

Odysseus is, till the very end, a broken, grovelling beggar (his most famous disguise), the part being one to tax the virtuosity of the actor. All and all, the drama is an extraordinary example of an ancient, romantic subject, treated in heroic verse, and yet made swift, tense, modern. The remainder of the volume is of lesser consequence.

The late William James would certainly have approved of David Pinski. Pinski came to this country from the European Ghetto, and on May 20, 1904, he was to have taken an examination at Columbia which, if passed, would have added a Ph.D. to his name. But he didn't take it. Instead, he got the inspiration for the third act of his tragedy, *The Last Jew*, and wrote on that act all day. Professor James, who once unburdened himself on the subject of what he called *The Ph.D. Octopus*, would doubtless have said that many people could get a Ph.D., but few could write *The Last Jew*. Far be it from us to contradict William James. *The Last Jew* (known in other languages as *The Zwie Family*) is perhaps the most striking of the three plays by Pinski translated out of the Yiddish by Isaac Goldberg. The other two are *Isaac Sheftel* and *The Dumb Messiah*. There is something about these plays of Pinski's which burns, a white heat of racial feeling. They not only help to explain the Jew, his aspirations, his ways of thinking and feeling, his virtues and failings (Pinski does not spare the failings), but they are alive with a kind of inner light which makes them glow emotionally in every scene, every line. Our drama seems pale and cold beside them. When Jacob Gordin used to produce his dramas on the East Side, those of us who went down to the Bowery to see them were often struck by the vividness of response on the part of the audience. Even when the play was over, excited groups stood discussing it on the sidewalks. And Gordin never wrote such a play as *The Last Jew*, either. If, in the process of "Americanisation," we could only capture and keep some of this dramatic vitality, some of this intimate relation between art and life, how wonderful it would be! But, more's the pity, it does not seem possible. When the Jews come into our theatre, they come as "theatrical syndicates."

Curiously enough, *The Last Jew* has never been professionally produced in New York except some years ago in Russian, by Orlenoff. The scene is laid in a Russian city, within the pale, during a pogrom. The wild terror of the impending massacre is never absent, from the rise of the first curtain, though no bloodshed whatever is shown. The real tragedy is that of the old preacher who tries to rally the ortho-

Three Plays. By David Pinski. Translated from the Yiddish by Isaac Goldman. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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dox into the synagogue, to protect with their lives the holy ark, and can find no one to stand with him. Some have turned Christians, some have turned Socialists, some Zionists, some are cowards; at any rate, not a one but regards either his own neck or his particular scheme for the Jewish future as of more consequence than the ancient temple, the symbols of the ancient faith. The play moves with tremendous rapidity, at a high pitch of emotional excitement, to a bitter end. It is, of its kind, a masterpiece. We are very glad Pinski did not take that examination at Columbia. The eminent American dramatist, Roi Cooper Megrue, is a graduate of Columbia, by the way. We cannot help preferring *The Last Jew* to *It Pays to Advertise*.

Maeterlinck's comedy, *The Miracle of St. Anthony*,* has been at last published, in a translation by Alexander de Mattos, and in an edition uniform with his other excellent translations. This was the one-act drama which the Washington Square Players acted early in their experiment. It has never been available to readers before, in any language, though it was written many years ago. Possibly the author did not regard it as sufficiently serious. Certainly it is not profound, but its spirit is sweet and true, its meaning plain as a pike-staff, and it is gently amusing and easily acted. It ought to be extremely popular with amateur dramatic organisations. Let us hasten to state at once for their benefit that it does not at all concern itself with that episode in the life of the saint which has been the frequent inspiration of painters. All costumes are modern—and complete!

The second series of Wisconsin Plays,† one-act dramas from the original repertoire of the Wisconsin Dramatic Society, is at hand. The first series contained, if we remember aright, Zona Gale's effective and heart-warming little sketch, *Neighbors*. The second series contains nothing in that vein of Middle West genre painting half so good. The nearest approach to it is *The Feast of the Holy Innocents*, by S. Marshall Ilsley, the tale of two spinsters who make up their minds to go to the city (on borrowed money) to see the new bishop confirmed, and telephone for seats to Sarah Bernhardt in advance. But the volume is not without one work of decided merit. It is a prose fantasy by Howard Mumford Jones, called *The Shadow*, and it has grace, imagination, and underlying meaning, though that meaning, we can fancy, might not be entirely clear at a single presentation. The scene is in a deep, silent wood, amid falling leaves. We particularly like this bit of stage direction:

> For a long time nothing happens, so that those for whom this play is not intended believe that something has gone wrong. But in the meantime the action has commenced.

It has, or it may have, if the stage-director has properly set his scene and handled his lights. The leaves fall at intervals, the silence broods, the dim figure of The Shadow (a symbol, we take it, of memory) broods also. The mood is being evoked. It is in such settings and such plays as this that the Lit-

*The Miracle of St. Anthony. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

†Wisconsin Plays. Second Series. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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tle Theatres can, perhaps, do their best work, having the field, in this country, pretty much to themselves, having smaller and selected audiences, and being able to call in to their aid the imaginative talents of painters and designers who as a rule are not employed by the so-called "commercial" theatre. There are some of the radicals who believe that the experimental art theatres should work only with such material, in fact, leaving "realism" entirely to the larger playhouse. That, we feel, would certainly be a mistake, even though such a collection as this of the Wisconsin players does seem to show that so far as any fresh contribution to dramatic literature goes, the experimenters are making it rather along the lines of fancy. Just as the Yiddish plays, noticed above, gain much of their force from their intense localism (if that word can be applied to the work of a scattered people), so the vitality of the Little Theatres in their respective communities will in some measure always depend upon their ability to capture the local life on their stages. Man cannot live by bread alone, but neither can he live by fancy alone. Both are needed. Yet such a fantasy as *The Shadow* indicates the genuine work that is being done—and will be done still more when the war is over and the Little Theatres can once more gain attention and support—by our amateurs in releasing the imagination on our stage. They are making a home for Beauty, and for her own sweet sake alone.

Two volumes of *Harvard Plays* have been issued, edited by Professor George P. Baker, one containing four short plays produced in recent years by the Harvard Dramatic Club, and one containing an equal number of short plays produced in the Forty-seven Workshop. Unlike the Wisconsin plays, these are all the work of Harvard or Radcliffe students, that is, of young people who are making a special effort to perfect themselves in the arts of the theatre as a part of an academic training. We might very naturally expect to find the plays, therefore, somewhat immature and somewhat imitative, if not actually straining after admired models. But, as a matter of fact, thanks in no small measure to the sanity and humanism and inspirational qualities of Professor Baker, who instituted the pioneer course in playwriting at Harvard, known as English Forty-seven, and who organised the Workshop theatre that his students might have a place to try out their plays and also to practise all the allied arts, from acting to scene painting, the eight short plays by eight young men and women here collected are conspicuous for their very lack of amateurishness, for their smoothness, their practical stage effectiveness, and, above all, for their possession of fresh, original underlying dramatic ideas. If Professor Baker ever needed any defence for daring to introduce the study of that pariah, the practical-acted drama, into the classic halls of learning, he has his defence in these two volumes. We should like especially to call attention to *America Passes By*, by Kenneth Andrews, and *The Rescue*, by Rita Creighton Smith. Both are simple, they can be acted by amateurs, they are dramatically progressive and effective; and both for theme go far away from anything hackneyed to a fresh, vital, inspiration drawn from actual living. There are other good plays for ama-

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teurs besides, including a delightful fantasy called *Three Pills in a Bottle*, which may have been remotely inspired by Stuart Walker's Portmanteau repertoire. Finally, Professor Baker contributes an introduction describing the organisation of the Forty-seven Workshop, which ought to be read by everyone having anything to do with experimental theatres, small or large.

Hartley Manners, who keeps busy supplying the plays for his wife, Laurette Taylor, to act, is always careful to give her a "fat" part. He gave her one in *Out There*,* the play about the little Cockney girl, "'aunted Annie," who wanted to do her bit, and finally got her chance as a nurse. Even on the stage, it was felt that the best of this play lay in the hospital scene, with its intensely amusing picture of the various "types" of wounded. Who can forget the Irishman of J. M. Kerrigan, whom nothing pleased, or the Scotchman, played by Douglas Ross, who cried for his "preecious bonnet"? In reading the text, one tries to visualise these characters, but it is a pale picture compared to the stage realisation. Pre-eminently, *Out There* is a play for the stage, and even on the stage a play for a special occasion. Actually, it is formless and unprogressive, a combination of amusing character sketches, interesting little individual scenes, and a rather crude appeal to "patriotism," about which it really says nothing. It belongs to the large mass of "war books" which have come in on the tide, and will go out on the ebb.

*Out There. By Hartley Manners. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

There is nothing to indicate when *Exiles*,† by James Joyce, was written, whether just before the war, or more recently. The scene is laid in Dublin in 1913, however, and the characters are members of what we suppose might be called the Irish Intellectuals, or the Dublin Greenwich Villagers—not the merry villagers, however. They are too preoccupied with sex ever to laugh. The play is all about a domestic triangle, with a fourth, rather pale female with a nameless illness trying vaguely to make a square of it. Probably the play is subtle; it certainly involves numerous psychological reactions to the sex appeal which will bewilder the ordinary male and possibly the ordinary female, if there is such a thing as an ordinary female. Some of these reactions, D'Annunzio, in his palmy days, would not have hesitated to father. By the same token, we are reminded of Henry James's essay on the Italian novelist, in which he likened himself, in his critical explorations of the various novels, to the plumber going down cellar, and sniffing, sniffing, here and there, trying to find the leak in the sewer pipe. The jacket of the book says that *Exiles* "belongs on the shelf with Ibsen and Hauptmann." Personally, we never detected any sewer gas in these other authors, though admittedly our nose lacks the sensitiveness of the late William Winter's. But we did in *Exiles*. We trust that the demand for Irish Nationalism is based on a firmer rock of character than that disclosed in the persons of this play. They are close to the line of degeneracy.

Sponsored by no less an authority than Professor George Foot Moore, of Harvard, Horace Meyer Kallen has issued his version of the Book

†Exiles. By James Joyce. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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of Job,* arranged as a Greek tragedy on the Euripidean model, and prefaced by a long essay setting forth his reasons for believing that Job represents the attempt of a Hebrew writer to compose a tragedy after the Greek manner, and also expounding his conception of the philosophy of the poem. There is, of course, nothing new in the attempt to explain the Book of Job as a dramatic poem, and as Professor Moore points out, it was even suggested by Theodore of Mopsuestia in 428 A. D. that it was an imitation of a Greek drama. But Doctor Kallen has gone farther, and by certain transpositions of the text broken it into drama and choruses, with, of course, the prose prologue and epilogue; and in his explanatory essay made out a good case for what he has done. It so happens that his version has been acted both at Wisconsin and Harvard in recent years, and only last spring Stuart Walker mounted the Book of Job in a Broadway playhouse, not, to be sure, treating it as a Greek drama, but playing it as it stood for what dramatic values it had. The result of these performances, especially of Mr. Walker's, was to disclose the fallacy of the arguments that Job is not a drama because it has no "action." In the successive steps of defiance (which must have been quite terrible enough to the orthodox Jews of the day), till Job is confronted by the voice out of the whirlwind, and conquered, there is profound spiritual action, which even to-day, combined with the superb rhetoric of the speeches, can hold an audience, yea, even a Broadway audience! The reader will agree with Professor Moore that this new version is much more than "an ingenious paradox," that "it is a serious hypothesis which invites serious consideration from biblical scholars and students of literature." The author's essay on the philosophy of Job no less invites serious consideration, though it hardly concerns us here. He finds it the highest expression of Hebrew religious conceptions, the conception that God has not, and should not have, any bias. The world was not ready for it then, he thinks; Job's comforters certainly could not grasp it; and is not ready for it even yet. We have to admit some grounds for his pessimism. However, such a conception puts Job on a far higher plane as a hero, not a figure of submissive patience, but a man who has won through his nationalist ideas of a biased, interfering God, who is personally meddling in his affairs, to an acceptance of the human soul as the divinely ordained citadel of man. Our author would almost say that Job was the first to cry—certainly the first Jew to cry:

> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul.

At any rate, by taking the Book of Job out of the dusty prose paragraphs where it has reposed to furnish the parsons with a text, and letting all its poetry and all its drama come humanly forth, Doctor Kallen has done a work for which many will thank him, even if they do not agree with all his conclusions. Personally, we are only too delighted to believe that one, at least, of the authors of the Old Testament once upon a time got into a Greek city and saw a play. It must have been a blessed change from Jerusalem!

*The Book of Job as a Greek Tragedy Restored. By Horace Meyer Kallen, with an introduction by Professor George F. Moore, of Harvard. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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POETS, ROSE FEVER AND OTHER SEASONAL MANIFESTATIONS

BY THOMAS WALSH

SUMMER is the friendly hour of rose fever and poets, but it is also the blooming time of the rambler rose—and most of our poets this year are ramblers. It is seldom that one comes across a full-blown rose of poetry in all the output of buds and foliage. Can it be that the perfect flower remains the hot-house growth or the trained aristocratic bloom of the specialist?

The most perfect rose in the garden of this month's poetry is to be found in the *Drums of Defeat*,* by Theodore Maynard, a new poet who has won the commendation of G. H. Chesterton, as well he might, with his mingled singing of the jollities of life and the dreams of the soul. For after all is said and done, Mr. Maynard remains a religious poet, one to whom the spirit-call is more lovely than all the whispering of the world and the flesh, one whose sense of honest humour does not blunt his aspiration to the mystical delights of the white spirit. The validity of his inspiration is evident on every page of his little book, and especially where he introduces us to—

THE WORLD'S MISER

A miser with an eager face
Sees that each leaf is in its place.
He keeps beneath strong bolts and bars
The piercing beauty of the stars.

The colours of the dying day
He hoards as treasure—Well he may!—
And saves with care (lest they be lost)
The dainty diagrams of frost.
He counts the hairs of every head,
And grieves to see a sparrow dead.

Among the yellow primroses
He holds His summer palaces,
And sets the grass about them all
To guard them as His spearmen small.
He fixes on each wayside stone
A mark to show it as His own,
And knows when raindrops fall through air
Whether each single one be there,
That gathered into ponds and brooks
They may become His picture books,
To show in every spot and place
The living glory of His face.

These are the lispings of the poet whose true greatness will appear to him who reads *Fear* and the superb sonnet, *In Domo Johannis*.

Among the ramblers on the June trellis is the little book—*The Fairy Islands*† *and Other Poems*, by Valley Flower—which reveals a certain quality of rhythmic gift and a gentle appreciation of the more commonplace aspects of nature and human sentiment. There is also Mr. Herbert J. Hale's *Moonrise*,‡ *a Book of Poems*, showing a good sense of nature and musical expression. Its typical piece is the quatrain entitled

COMPENSATION

Some day because your eyes are quick with tears,
Because there is no hardness in your heart—
You shall have wisdom great as life can give,
You shall have happiness as deep as tears.

*Drums of Defeat. By Theodore Maynard. London: Erskine Macdonald.

†The Fairy Islands. By Valley Flower. Boston: Cornhill Press.

‡Moonrise. By Herbert J. Hale.

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From the Heart of a Folk,* by Waverley Turner Carmichael, is a little collection of verses in negro dialect revealing the sentiment of the author, a young American negro, with a moderate gift of melody and creative faculty, especially in his hymnal pieces. *Songs of Manhattan*† are the work of Morris Abel Beer, whose "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven" ranges from Chinatown, Fourteenth Street and Upper Fifth Avenue, where—

> There's Asia on the Avenue
> And Europe in the street,
> And Africa goes plodding by
> Beneath my window-seat.

It is homely singing, near to earth and journalism, so one may take an interest in his lines to

GREENWICH VILLAGE

Within a dingy shop by lanterns lit
A dozen men and women idly sit;
One sips cool tea, another lemonade,
And others nibble cakes an artist made;
The thin, pale critic prates of Wells and Shaw;
The nervous blonde discusses peace and law;
A poetess of smug complacence blows
Tobacco rings a-whirl with artful pose;
A pudgy playwright talks of plays he's done;
A painted ancient spinster flings a pun;
And so night rolls with epigram and shout
Till one by one the candles flicker out.

And then—a somewhat more robust rambler—there is *Green Leaves*,‡ by Florence Ripley Mastin, with a series of schoolroom sketches that give a touch of interest akin to that we found in *The Spoon River Anthology;* but these little verses are more amiable, life-like, and less interesting and scandalous than the etchings of Mr. Masters. *Isadore, Mary, Harry, Pearl* and *Stephen* are very likable squibs of poetry. The author gives us this classroom sketch of

HYMAN

He wrote to-day in little sprawling lines:
"The Valley of th. Many-coloured Glass
is beautiful,
But it's what I call a dead place.
I like the city, full of life."
O child, who never listened at a tulip bell!

There are readers who may prefer

THE REPORTER

In the March stillness
I heard a woodpecker
Up the hill
Near the blue painted sky.
He had captured all my news;
"Tap, tap"—went his typewriter.

There are some longer poems of sustained interest, but perhaps the best piece in the volume is that entitled

THE TWILIGHT WIND

The Wind is walking in the garden;
He is a pale mandarin
With silken shoes,
And a soft coat blowing against the leaves.
I wish he would open his basket;
He has visited many trees to-day,
And there is fruit that I would taste.

Amid *The Grass in the Pavement*,§ by M. E. Büher, there are smooth, half-effective verses on a wide range of subjects; the spirit is religious with a conservative sense of the poet's art. One charming poem, out of the several in this volume is that called *A Pearl of the Faith.*

In *Mid-American Chants*,‖ by Sherwood Anderson, one finds a rather apocalyptic expression given to the untutored boast of an egotism based upon half-education and half-

*The Heart of a Folk. By Waverley Turner Carmichael. Boston: Cornhill Press.

†Songs of Manhattan. By Morris Abel Beer. Boston: Cornhill Press.

‡Green Leaves. By Florence Ripley Mastin. New York.

§The Grass in the Pavement. By M. E. Büher. New York.

‖Mid-American Chants. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane.

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culture. It is honest expletive for the most part rather than singing, but as representing a fraction that is somewhat over-exploited in Mid-American literature, it is still interesting and somewhat significant. *The Song of the Lost Ones* is typical of the general character of Mr. Anderson's book:

Soft thy feet on the floor of the desert,
In the night—
Running—
Desperate and breathless
Blood on the sands of the desert drying,
Drops of blood on the hot sand drying,
Blood from the veins of my beloved
Pouring out on the desert.
Soft in the night the rustle of corn leaves
Young men into the cities pouring,
Blood from the veins of young men pouring into the cities.

In *Bugle Rhymes from France*,* by Paul Myron, there is plenty of good, rough-and-ready singing of the camp and trenches. *The Sword Unsheathed*,† by R. H. Langford, is also a war-song of a homespun sort. From *In the Gray and Other Poems*,‡ by John W. Costello, we may take this rather slanderous piece of singing:

THE CHICAGO GIRL

Her figure is purchased at Marshall Field's,
Her complexion from Madam Yale;
Her hair the dead or the pauper yields
From coffined silence or slimy jail.

Her father answers the whistle and bell,
And toils in the rolling mill's grime and smoke;
Often in grogshops I've heard him tell
The reason why he is always "broke."

*Bugle Rhymes from France. By Paul Myron. Chicago: Midnation Company.

†The Sword Unsheathed. By R. H. Langford. Kansas City: Hudson Publishing Company.

‡In the Gray. By John W. Costello. Boston: Roxburgh Publishing Company.

§The World and the Waters. By Edward F. Garesché. St. Louis: The Queen's Work Press.

‖Chinese Lyrics. By James Whitall. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

The World and the Waters,§ by Edward F. Garesché, contains some very superior singing in spite of a good deal of commonplace verse on nature and general moods. There is an ode on *Niagara* that is worthy of being placed beside those of Pombo and Heredia, and a lovely elegy *To Rose in Heaven*, worthy of the pen of Francis Thompson. Also to be noted is the *Sunbrowned with Toil* that made a good impression in the pages of Mr. Braithwaite's *Anthology*. The lines that seem particularly effective in the volume are:

AT ORDINATION

I remember with a tremor of delight
One ecstatic morn that could suffice
For a life of joy though never other light
Poured its cup of dawning glory to the skies.

Jesu: for on that serene, foredestined day,
Mid the solemn pomp of ceremonial bands
Thou didst press me to Thy yearning heart for aye,
Laying on my head Thine own creative hands.

Weak with fearful rapture and surprise,
Soft I felt me folded to Thy breast;
Strong from hence to call Thee from the skies,
Nearer to Thy wounds than all the rest.

The late Théophile Gautier, having no fortune to leave his daughters, had them educated in the oriental languages, and in this way it happened that Judith Gautier was the first to produce a collection of translations from the Chinese which she called *The Book of Jade*, now turned into English by James Whitall and published under the title of *Chinese Lyrics*.‖ Through Mr. Whitall's version one senses the quality of these Mongolian masterpieces, whose curious beauty still intrigues the soul of an Ezra Pound, and many of the modernists of English, French and German verse. One

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notes a strong reliance upon the vague charms of moonlight, mists and flowing rivers, and so there is a characteristic note in Li Oey's

MOONLIGHT

The full moon rises out of the water;
The sea becomes a plate of silver.
On a boat friends drink cups of wine,
And they watch the little moonlit clouds
Hover above the mountain.
Some say—
The white-robed wives of the Emperor,
Others—
A flock of swans.

The same delightful humour that marked Mr. Denis A. McCarthy's *Round of Rimes* and *Voices from Erin* is seen anew in his *Songs of Sunrise*,* and there are besides some splendid poems like *Bunker Hill* and *The Tower of Ivory*. Mr. McCarthy is a true poet of the Irish sort, who can also show us such an artistic picture as that of his

MINUET

How sweetly and how neatly unto that olden air
The minuet she dances!
How blithely and how lithely she trips it here and there,
Retires and then advances!
How stately and sedately she curtseys and she bows,
How queenly and serenely our homage she allows;
How nicely and precisely the bolder beaux she cows,
And foils their ardent glances!
Oh, fair one, and oh, rare one, the minuet and you
Are sweet as old romances,
That fill men and that thrill men with dreams of youth anew,
Of glory when the gory blades of battle saw the sun,
Of leisure and of pleasure when the stormy days were done,
Of spacious life and gracious with some lady like the one
That now divinely dances!

Over the Hills of Home,† by Lilian Leveridge, are poems touched to life by a delicate sentiment and sense of beauty; slightly more literary and less effective are the poems of Miss Katharine Lee Bates's *The Retinue*,‡ the lines of *This Tattered Catechism* being perhaps the most striking piece of her collection. In Miss Stella Benson's *Twenty*§ there is poetry of a more individual sort, in fact a very superior sort, as revealed in her *Orchard, Saint Bride* and *The Slave of God.*

A strong touch of journalism characterises *The Silver Trumpet*,‖ Miss Amelia Josephine Burr's new book of verses. There is so much that is timely and urgent that the literary quality, the permanent beauties, seem to suffer a slight eclipse in the work of this charming poet of life and passion; she is here the propagandist of a noble cause rather than the singer of an idle, deathless—deathless—day. One needs a greater perspective than to-day's in dealing with such poetry.

Sonnets from the Patagonian¶ are reprinted again with a very peculiar introductory letter from the author, Sergeant Donald Evans, in which he refers to himself as "an incurable poseur." The events of the war have given an acid quality to these sonnets, some of which, perhaps, held a touch of wit at the time of their composition—the Indian summer of a decadence which is now quite at an end.

*Songs of Sunrise. By Denis A. McCarthy. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

†Over the Hills of Home. By Lilian Leveridge. New York: E. P. Dutton.

‡The Retinue. By Katharine Lee Bates. New York: E. P. Dutton.

§Twenty. By Stella Benson. New York: Macmillan.

‖The Silver Trumpet. By Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George Doran.

¶Sonnets from the Patagonian. By Donald Evans. Philadelphia: N. L. Browne.

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LETTERS FROM THOMASINA

WITH DRAWINGS BY HERSELF

"This first of the British Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, to record her experiences working behind the lines 'somewhere in France,' happens to be a girl I have known since . . . she wore pigtails down her back. I little dreamed then that the day would come when I should look out from my Hilltop on the War Zone to know that somewhere behind the line she would be doing her bit as a simple soldier, and recording the hardships and privations of her soldier's life in letters 'written home,' letters to prove how easily in this great struggle the young women of England were ready and able to respond to the call 'The Country is in Danger.' . . . There is no limelight shining on them. There are neither footlights nor public. There is only hard work, sordid, often menial, almost never picturesque. . . . When the victorious armies return, no corps will better deserve the uncovered heads and the grateful cheers of the crowd, than the Thomasina Atkinses of this Great War as they march in their place in the line."

MILDRED ALDRICH.
The Hilltop on the Marne, France, March, 1918

Somewhere in England
October 30, 1917.

DEAR PEACHIE:

You know how difficult it is for me to keep anything to myself—and really the boiler has all but busted this week. To "cut the cackle, and come to the 'osses," I have joined the Women's Army. Why? Well, the idea has been simmering in my brain-pan for some time. A certain poster —"Urgently Wanted, 100,000 Women for Home and Foreign Service" —has been staring at me, and arguing with me like a revivalist parson until I could no longer find an excuse for *not* being one of the units in the required number. I have had a pretty easy time so far, and a little hardship won't make me any less of an actress—(No remarks, please!)—so there you are. Well! to return to the W. A. A. C. My references have been taken up, the Medical Board has passed me A1, and now nothing remains but to get my kit together and to await marching orders to the hostel where I am to be vaccinated, inoculated, and generally prepared for France. Because of my proficiency in languages, I was advised to sign for Class A, "Ordinary Clerical Work," which seems to embrace all manner of jobs not strictly associated with clerking. You will come back to find me putting away all my fancy fribbles, and seriously contemplating practical duds, including the ribbed worsted stockings which my æsthetic soul has always abominated.

Yesterday, after we had said good-bye—it was good of you, in deference to my superstition, to leave the station before the train pulled out—I began to cast affectionate glances at my suit-case, which now represents boudoir and library, and contains the sparse

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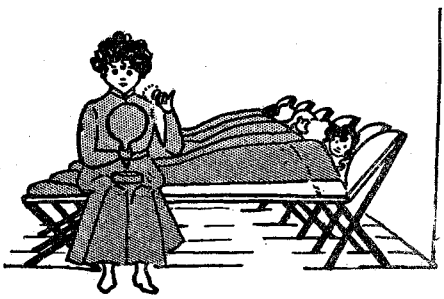
wardrobe that I must accustom myself to for the duration of the war. It seems strange, this carrying all your belongings in your fist, but such are the regulations, and I shall now discover the multitude of superfluous things that I have so long regarded as necessaries.

I am more than a bit "wuzzy" this morning. I cannot make friends with iron slats. I know it is ridiculous to grouse about trifles, and I hope I shall soon learn some sense. I am trying hard.

The hostel is made up of a number of houses, all connecting on the first floor. There are hundreds of girls here, mostly of the factory and domestic servant class. Such priceless accents! And oh, such odd faces —just like a Phil May panorama. We get up at 6.45; roll-call at 7.45; then fall in and march to the mess hall. We sleep in rooms, six girls in mine, counting me. The other five are quite nice girls, so I am able to manicure my nails and rub cold cream on my face without being



THE NIGHTLY TOILETTE

made to feel either superior or eccentric.

The deed is done; I was inoculated this morning, right arm, and vaccinated left leg. My mental barometer has fallen considerably, but they tell me that inoculation is always followed by depression. We get jabbed again in a week's time; the vaccination is a single offence, thank the powers!

Physically, army life is very hardening. We put on all the clothes we possess when we get up in the morn-

CORRESPONDENCE UNDER DIFFICULTIES

ing for "roll-call," even to hat and coat, and I keep everything on till I go to bed at night. We have fires in four out of the nine recreation rooms, but the only chance of thawing one's self is to sit immediately in front of one of the said fires. Now you can guess the opportunity for doing this—a nice little sum for a ready reckoner: seven hundred girls, nine rooms, four fires; how many chances are there of one girl nearing the blaze in a week?

The answer is a lemon. My plan is to sit on a table, feet and all, and write on my knee. Writing in the recreation rooms is a study in the art of concentration. The din is positively deafening. You may think me some talker. Well! you ought to hear my associates—North-country mill girls, munition workers, farm hands, clerks—every possible grade of society—all out to be heard in every dialect in the kingdom. Added

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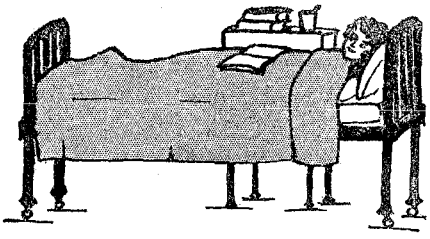
to which there is a piano in one of the rooms, and, thanks to our liberal national education, there are many who can pick out notes, so we have all the popular melodies with full-throated chorus. Despite this buoyant recreation, everybody is as ill as possible part of the time, and somebody is ill all the time. It makes no difference; the sick ones endure passively until they revive—when they just let it rip and then get their own back on the other poor little devils.



HOSPITAL IS LOTS OF FUN

Meals no longer fill me with loathing. Porridge for breakfast this morning—and, although I ought not to tell you, since I won't eat it at home, I fairly gobbled it. Yesterday I found myself with a munitioner on my right, a charwoman on my left, and two tough little mechanics in front—but I didn't even have indigestion. Perhaps I am a red-tie Socialist after all. One thing, whatever the grade or habit of life, all these women are really gold at heart. Some nine carat, I grant you; some twenty-two; but the precious core is there alright—it is simply up to one to tunnel through.

If all goes well, I expect to be sailing to-morrow week.

Alas! dear, I am not to be included in the next sailing draft. The doctor looked me over, and immediately sent somebody over to the hostel to fetch my kit, and here I am in the hospital. Well, no use grousing, it may be another of those beastly blessings camouflaged, so—cheerio! I am really having a glorious time, resting and lying on (whisper it gently) a wire mattress, with a heavenly view right out to sea. I feel as if I were in the Ritz Hotel; real milk in the tea, and thin bread and butter. My "Think Tank" has gone off duty with the rest of me. Only one grievance—no smoking allowed. I am really wallowing in tranquillity, and am no longer at all sorry for myself. But I am aching to get over yonder; I am so fed up with this idle life. There are big chunks of grit in me really; they only want dragging forward, and pounding for use. When I have actually settled down, I shall be as happy as the proverbial sand-boy.

Only a few moments to dash off my last good-bye to you. We are off to "Furrin" parts this afternoon. I had to report to the doctor this morning, but Hoo-jolly-ray! she has passed me at last. I think of you all the time, and "pull thumbs" for your health to return to you. Well! sufficient to the day is the excitement thereof.

Your loving,
THOMASINA.

Somewhere in France.

January 1, 1918.

DEAREST PEACHIE:

Behold me in France at last—still excited. Our crossing was uneventful, smooth, and very quick—of course the ship was full of khaki—and I began to feel a soldier at last when we fell in behind the boys with haversacks on our backs and pay-books in our pockets.

We spent the night in a hut—with tables down the centre and army

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mattresses down the sides. Golly! but we were hungry and the rations were good. After supper we found the washing-room; then partly undressed and rolled ourselves up in the army blankets. Peach, have you ever slept on the floor? Mind you, I say *slept*.

Of course I cannot tell you anything about my work—I mean the details—the answers to all the questions I can imagine you asking are taboo. By the way, I suppose you realise, from the slightly different style of yours truly, that all letters are read by the Camp Administrator? This knowledge gives me a sort of rheumatism of the pen—it works stiffly, and recalls my Continental school-days; but I shall soon forget about it, even as I did in those days, when I was wont to draw caricatures of the scholastic censor herself.

But I think the work is going to be quite interesting, and I shall be handling plenty of French stuff. I was first taken to the Major, who looked me over in a "What have we got here" sort of fashion, and then handed me a letter in French, and asked could I read it. I glanced at it, and said I could, and that moreover I could understand it. He laughed—and proceeded to business.

We live in our suit-cases, as the hut is always liable to military inspection at odd moments, and no sort of clothing may be on view. We occasionally see an odd colonel or major buzzing about, and then are reminded that the W. A. A. C.'s are under surveillance.

I want to trim my hut a bit, so please send me a few of my old prints and "art" designs. My æsthetic eye yearns for something to break the dour monotony of these walls. Just as soon as the mercury crawls up a little higher, I will get busy with those same "picters," and I hope to make my hut a vision of delight. I am sorry that I was so haughty about the flashlight you offered me. I certainly should like one.

Weather wet and slushy, but quite bearable. We have fires in our Mess Hut and Recreation Hut, those funny little German stoves, with the long pipe leading up and out through the wall. We burn wood—mostly *green*—but we manage. The camp cooks are excellent, and the food tastes much better than it did in the other places. I have overcome my dislike to sleeping in blankets. I just swathe myself in my rug—mummy fashion—then three army blankets, double, go on top of me.

We dance in our recreation hut every night after supper till "lights out," and go to bed nice and warm by candle-light.

"Lights out" means that the engine stops and the electric light fades, but we may generally burn a candle for a little while longer, especially if our N. C. O. is dancing with us. You will see by the foregoing that I am getting quite accustomed to camp life—but don't think that I omit my nightly dab into the cuticle cream and skin food.

The snow is upon us with a vengeance—never in my life have I seen such sudden and busy snow except on the stage. This morning I was out for a long walk in the frost, and there were some pretty Christmas-card effects. The camp looked a treat, the huts are like this of cor-

THE HUTS

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rugated iron, with little pathways between, grouped round a square of "lawn." This morning a thaw started—and, oh! the slush in the town—"some" mud! Of mud we do not allow ourselves to talk. If we did (such is its quality and its quantity), it would form the only topic of conversation. The huts are still white, and as I came "home" to tea to-night the camp in the distance was a pretty sight—with the evening star and the new moon hovering. I am constantly wondering at the sky; I never realised that there was so much of it. In a city one quite overlooks it; there is so much to attract one's attention.

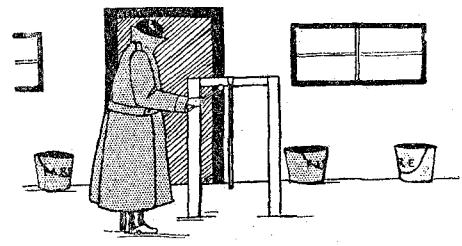
I wish I had a thermometer; it would be interesting to see just where the mercury would stand inside the hut. My sponge is a rock, my toothbrush ditto. My fountain-pen was frozen inside my suit-case. As I stood before my mirror to brush my hair, a sheet of ice formed over it—just my breath. Of course all water has been turned off at the main to prevent the pipes from bursting, so washing, for the time being, is out of the question. The drinking-tank—not yet ready for winter use—had not been encased in straw, and the whole thing is a solid rock. We have had no drinking-water for two days. The poor kitchen staff have to drop a bucket down the well (pumps are frozen) to get enough water for the cooking. I remember reading Shackleton's Diary of his expedition to the Pole; he has my sympathy. The streets are a joke. You see the snow settled between the cobbles, then the whole surface froze, and the only way to get along is to shuffle, and dodge the cart ruts. The moon comes up bright and hard every night, and just looks cruel. I am wearing every garment I possess—and if the kitchen range were portable, we should probably draw lots as to who should steal it for a sort of haversack. My voluble utterance is somewhat familiar to you. Think of the possibility of my spoken words freezing in a long solid, knotty string on their way to my listener's ear. Here, for instance, is my re-

HERE'S MY REQUEST FOR MORE PUDDING

quest for more pudding. *Pas de pudding.*

Bed is quite cosy—army blankets are fine. I tuck mine close round my face, and when I wake in the morning there is a fringe of icicles along the ridges—more frozen breath.

We have a new list of duties in camp, at which each clerk takes her turn and becomes "Camp Orderly" for the day. She has to "Kick off" with the sounding of "Réveillé." To-day it has been *my* turn, and I woke



SOUNDING THE RÉVEILLÉ

myself three times during the night in response to the prodding of my subconscious mind, which reminded me that I had to start the racket at 6.45. I *did* it! Oh, yes! I roused the

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camp all right. Indeed, I imagine some of the slumberers thought the very last trump had sounded. Our gong is made of a strip of rail, the kind of rail that trains run on. It dangles from a cross-bar, and when banged with an iron hammer (shaped like a drumstick), it gives out a large-sized sound.

When I approached the outfit this morning, I found that the hammer had fallen from its perch and frozen itself to the ground. Most inconsiderate of it, but inanimates will indulge in these playful tricks, and Mr. Aurelius says: "Do your duty whether shivering, or warm, heavy-eyed, or with your fill of sleep," etc., etc. So heavy-eyed and shivering I dug out that hammer and then let go with all the muscular force that nestles in my upper arms. People have no right to be asleep anyhow—that is, not when I am awake.

We hear all about the food difficulty from the soldiers back on leave, but we experience little of it here. Of course we are rationed, and there are certain things we never have. For instance, I have not tasted green vegetables, fish, or eggs since I left England. Sometimes I dream of spinach and turnip-tops, and I have a morbid fear that I may one morn awake to find a "Brussels Sprout" somewhere on my body—like a birth-mark. But, after all, I don't really mind. Nobody does. If there is one thing the army inculcates more than any other, that thing is adaptability, and the fact that one never knows exactly what quantity or kind of food one is going to get for dinner stimulates the imagination, and adds zest to the dull routine of eating.

Some days we draw no meat, other days plenty of meat and no "spuds"; sometimes neither meat nor "spuds," but dumplings and onions. We never have bread served with dinner, and some days the bread ration is smaller than others. The point is that we always have *enough* food—and it is good. We are just now rioting on fig and date puddings—raisins are out of fashion. Last week we had jam; this is marmalade week.

Christmas in camp was really a merry affair. We were mostly off duty after mid-day. Our Administrator dined with us, and we also invited her to tea. We all sat at one long table in our mess hut, kitchen staff and clerks together. This is an army tradition.

The parcel "has came," as the Darkie usually says, for which many thanks. Everything was in order, and no casualties—and I feel in clover.

We ushered in the New Year with a dance. It was a small gathering, comparatively speaking, because the only place available would hold no more. The lights were turned out at midnight, and someone beat the hour out on the big drum, or was it the cymbals?—probably a dixie and poker for baton. We all linked hands in the approved manner and sang *Auld Lang Syne.* Has it ever been explained why people who have met for the first and (possibly) last time sing *Auld Lang Syne?* Shades of many a New Year's Eve came back to me, and I imagined you hanging out of your window to listen for the bells that would, alas! be dumb this year.

If you're waking very early,
Do not call me, there's a dear,

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For I care not for the sunrise
Upon the glad New Year.
That early morning réveillé
Has a mad'ning sound for me,
So up if you must and fall in line,
But kindly let me be.

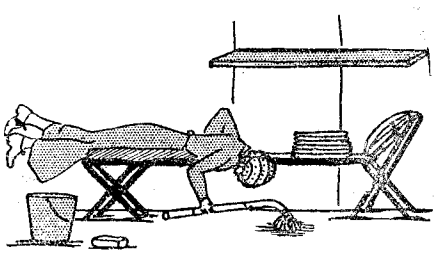
Whispered in the ear of my nearest comrade this has no effect whatever—callous little wretch!

We have had a concert party *en visite* this week. Very good. One popular song was rearranged for a chorus of men and one girl; the boy who played the girl made a great hit, he was extremely coy. There was much patter introduced, mostly military "shop," and it went with yells. The butt of all jokes and stories is always the Sergeant-major or the Sergeants' Mess, and there was a plentiful supply of this sort of humour. "*Jimmy Green, you have come into school without a pencil; now, what would you say of a soldier who went into battle without a rifle?*" "*Please, teacher, I should say he was an orficer.*" (*Shouts.*) Some fearful chestnuts took on a fresh lease of life.

The second part of the programme opened with a serious selection, so of course you have guessed it was *Faust*. You never saw such a vermilion villain as the "Mephisto." The next night the serious hit was *Faust* again ("Valentine's" death scene), and when poor Valentine, writhing according to tradition, bade his chum "Search in his breast for the key to the secret," one of the audience remarked audibly, "He's looking for his identity disc!" Well, well! These things look very foolish set down on paper, but they serve to let you know how we beguile ourselves when off duty.

I had a spasm of homesickness the other night. I went to the cinema—first time for weeks. *Bootle's Baby*, done by a London film company, a very good performance, and the sight of dear familiar faces gave me a bad twinge.

We all went to a dance last night—in a lorry. We did not leave till past midnight; the rain had been steadily falling, and the roads were so thick and slithery that the clumsy old lorry ran off the *pavé* into the ditch, and once there, said, "*J'y suit, j'y reste*"—and meant it. We were ages being dug out, lurching to and fro every few minutes with the futile efforts of the pushers and pullers. It seemed as if the whole caboodle *must* turn over. There were thirty of us packed inside. It was quite dark, and as the lorry sank deeper, the spirits of some of the passengers rose higher. But nothing remains stationary forever, not even a lorry in a ditch, and finally we were hauled up, to the disappointment (I imagine) of some of our young merrymakers. Result of all this—a few "fatigues" and "C.B.s" handed out to-day. I haven't learned the nature of the misdemeanours, but the "fatigues" were scrubbing huts.



SCRUBBING THE HUT

I am in a nice little town, with some good book shops, boasting a fine selection of books in that nice Conrad edition which has superseded the Tauchnitz. We haven't a library in

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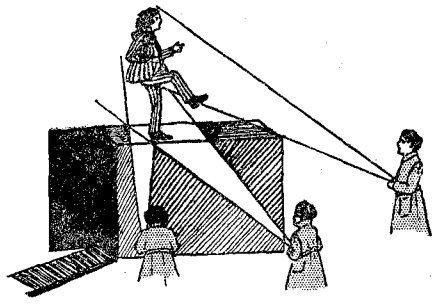
the camp, so three or four of us who have similar tastes club together, take turns at the reading, and if anyone has a keen desire to "have and to hold," she buys the others out.

There are a *few* lingerie shops to break the monotony, and they ought to be compelled to keep their shutters up while the war is on. The sight of pretty pretties to us who have only coarse-worsted undies, and *one* frock, leaves the tortures of Tantalus far behind.

I do want a good Marcus Aurelius. He is the only comrade I have a fancy for at present; he would fill the bill when I really want to read. Anything more modern would be tiresome, unless I have missed the best in up-to-date philosophy. Serious reading is well-nigh impossible out here. It is not so much a question of time as the power of concentration. Interest lags, and one drops into the habit of seizing on to the lightest kind of stuff—"brain dope," I call it. Even the alleged "funny" magazine is devoured by way of recreation. I think it is because each day brings forth such a mass of facts to tax the point of view, and to test one's opinions, that there is no room left for sidelights. In reading philosophy there is such a temptation to adopt it, and make life fit it. Here the great task is to make one's own philosophy fit in with life. It is a confusing game, and when the tired brain can rest, it endeavours to get the contents simmered down and the waste matter skimmed off the top.

I have been here only six weeks, but no matter, and I am learning the job of the man next higher up! So all my hands are full. In a couple of months I ought to have my cream collar, badges, *and* pay.

We have one *Enfant Terrible* and general scapegoat. She is an irrepressible little monkey, much too young to be out here at all really. Did I tell you about the "rascal"



DANCING ON THE ROOF

dancing at night in her pajamas on the roof of the wash-houses (the only flat roof in the camp), and the other little reprobates standing round and flashing their torches on her so that she should not fall off and break her back? Wasn't it the limit? I hate to think what might have happened if friendly persuasion had not induced her to descend before she was caught by someone in authority. But I wash my hands of all official responsibility till I get my "White Collar" to back me up in authority. If I seem to dwell on our little scandals, it is not for the pleasure of trolling them out, but only just to prove to you how severe our regulations are.

I enclose a little light literature (programmes of our Amateur Theatricals, arranged by the Troops' Literary and Debating Society), just to show you how spare evenings are passed in the army. This *Breach of Promise Case* or *Mock Trial* was really a bit of a lark, but wasn't it just my luck to be cast for

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the Plaintiff? We were terribly serious and professional—real stage—and the scratch costumes were alone worth the price of admission. There was tremendous excitement among the men at the opportunity of getting into "civies" and make-up. They just love to slab the grease paint on. My clothes (I won't describe them) were borrowed from a civilian friend of the Administrator, and we had a group photograph taken, if you please. I tell you, Irving, Benson, etc., must look to their laurels. My Counsel—the Major—is by way of being a poet; he kindly brings me yards of stuff to spout. He made a very good speech to open the case, and got plenty of laughs. I had a trying time under cross-examination by the opposing Counsel, but eventually swam through, and the jury (mixed) gave me the verdict—but only £5 damages instead of £2,000. The defence accused me of having a flirtatious disposition and otherwise tried to blacken my character. One of the witnesses was asked had he ever given me anything of value, "Oh yes," was the prompt reply, "I gave her two green envelopes." Laughter!

Dearest, don't think me frivolous. All this tattle is just an attempt to forget for awhile the appalling carnage going on up the line. One's feelings about the war remain the same as ever, quite confident, and cheerful, but the terrible story, as we receive it almost hourly, leaves us numb with horror.

Fact is, I have been at my very lowest ebb for over a week. I think the wind began it, and then I somehow got fed up with everything in general. I had horrible yearnings for real civilisation, quiet voices, and gentle manners. And oh! for the physical balm of a pair of linen sheets! I would have bartered what remains of my soul for one hour's home comfort.

Everything is looking critical just now; the nerves of the whole world are stretched to the snapping point, and in consequence of this we are all more or less dazed, and unequal to mastering our own comparatively unimportant affairs. There is a tidal wave of emotion threatening to sweep us off our feet; I, who am well and strong, am being affected by it, and for the past five days have suffered acutely an indescribable, indefinable disturbance.

Out here the effect of psychic disturbance is so startlingly visible to those who can detect it at all. I watch the girls—their fits of fed-upness, irritability, home-sickness. I know it all so well, for, alas! I am not immune. I am, however, blessed with the gift of seeing, and understanding, and when the spell passes, and I "come too," I have a good laugh at myself—and make resolutions against the next wave. It shall not engulf me.

We grow accustomed to calling it "nerves," and we lay the responsibility to the high wind or any trivial thing that comes our way; but I have become convinced since I have been out here that it is something much bigger, something soul-scourging, universal, and profoundly significant; and that there *is* an *end* which will justify the *means*.

It seems to me that now is the time for every girl who cares at all for the status of women to "Stand by"—to do her level best, and to behave herself. And thousands are doing all this gladly, not perhaps with any hope of here and now, but rather to hasten those happy days which are

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at present in the making. Sacrifice means much more to the very young. Girls of twenty and under naturally consider themselves entitled to a few more years of pleasant adventure, and this would be their right and their portion if the world were at peace. But as the world is really in the throes of a new birth, it behooves everyone to think of the whole and not of the part, and to see to it that the new life which is to replace the old shall be worthy of those who have already paid the supreme price in the greatest struggle humanity has ever known.

Heavens above! but Peace and Liberty are precious things indeed, when humanity can, and will pay such a price to secure them. Life has revealed itself in a new aspect; it has become a game that must be played through, with steadfastness of purpose, to the end. It is unlike me to be *sure* of things, but I *know* this *one* thing, and that is, *We shall win.* I am only one of many thousands who are all doing their best to hasten the end; and that end is, as I said before, that we shall win.

We shall Win! We shall Win!

Good-bye, sweetheart, I have you always in mind, and am trying to be

Worthy to remain

Your own

THOMASINA.

RELIGION AND THE WAR

SOME ASPECTS OF THINGS SPIRITUAL IN THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

BY TERTIUS VAN DYKE

IF ANYONE wants to note the effect of war upon religious thinking, he could not do better than read Principal Forsyth's little book *This Life and the Next.** It is written with a freshness and vigour of style that is characteristic of the author. Indeed the simplicity, directness and vividness of the language adds great charm to the moral earnestness and spiritual helpfulness of the book.

Let me quote a sentence or two illustrative both of the style and the thought: "The finality of death in the *vital* sense leads to all the low temperatures in life which I have been describing." And again: "We threw away too much when we threw purgatory clean out of doors. We threw out the baby with the dirty water of its bath."

The author's criticism of present-day writing on social and national subjects acutely observes that while it is strongly ethical, it is largely less than historic in its range and moves only in the middle register of thought.

The centre of Christian thought to-day concerns itself greatly with inquiries of a speculative nature. This book deals primarily with the first of these questions: immortality, and by implication with several others. It is good to find a splendid moral foundation under these discussions and to read, for example, such a title to one of the chapters as "Immortality as Present Judgment."

"You cannot dwell too much on

*This Life and the Next. By Peter T. Forsyth, D.D. New York: Macmillan Company.

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the death and resurrection of Christ as the revelation of God's immortal love, so long as you do not hide the fact that they are powers and not mere lessons, and that they make together one crucial, final act of divine majesty and mercy."

Dr. Forsyth has spoken home to the hearts of men with sane and manly words of spiritual interpretation and comfort.

The world of men to-day is seeking eagerly for genuine experience of God, not as a matter of abstract interest, but as a practical question that has a vital connection with every-day living. And Professor Lyman's book, *The Experience of God in Modern Life*,* is just what we need, for these three lectures, given last autumn at Union Theological Seminary, are written from that point of view which makes a vital appeal to no one "class" of thinkers but to all thinking men.

The author steers an adventurous course between the dogmatic radicalism of Mr. H. G. Wells and the cut-and-dried systems of an outworn orthodoxy. "It is a time," he says, "for coalition cabinets in the realm of social philosophy. And in fact modern life is far from feeling itself to be self-sufficient as regards religion. On the contrary it is peculiarly plastic to such influence, provided religion will speak straight to its deepest needs." Like all honest men who are not afraid of the truth, the author proceeds by the scientific method: "We shall not take final norms from religion to impose upon modern life, nor final norms from modern life to impose upon religion; but out of the vital conjunction of the two we shall hope to obtain certain working principles which are of importance for the growth of the human spirit. This would seem to be the legitimate meaning of the empirical method in an evolutionary world."

One phrase, in which the author speaks of men as "co-workers with an Eternal Creative Good Will," keeps constantly recurring. And it is in this essentially virile conception that I find the clue to the whole book. Professor Lyman rejects as useless in this age any idea of religion which makes it static or reactionary. The primary characteristic of a genuine experience of God expresses itself in an energising and propulsive force. And it is the experience of God alone which enables a man to realise his highest possibilities.

The book rightly begins with that question which is perhaps closest to the heart of the modern man, the question of personality. The relationship of "moral creativity" with the consciousness of sonship to God is happily cited as the highest fruit of personality. Several examples are quoted "which have an added meaning because they are comparatively close to the present and have influenced our modern world in significant ways." Especially apposite, it seems to me, is the quotation from Bushnell: "It is not the committing of one's thought in assent to any proposition, but the trusting of one's being to a *being*, there to be rested, kept, guided, moulded, governed, and possessed forever." Recalling how the teacher in imparting truth makes fresh discoveries, Professor Lyman speaks of the interpenetration of the experience of God and the experience of moral creativity. He insists stoutly on the incompleteness of the

*The Experience of God in Modern Life. By Eugene W. Lyman, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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creation, and answers Leuba's assertion that "the religion of the future will have to rest content apparently with the idea of a non-purposive Creative Force" by showing that "when original moral power is finding expression in us, and when we are aiding in calling forth the like in others, we most truly live, we are most real and at the same time we are most harmoniously related to the wider reality on which we all depend." It seems to me that this clear relating of the reality sense to the experience of moral creativity is a genuine contribution to the religious thought of to-day.

In the second lecture on "The Experience of God and Social Progress," the author goes straight to the root of thought about the war. "The largest issue confronting our time is between an aristocratic, deterministic, nationalistic ethics and the ethics of democracy, of moral freedom, and of internationalism." He cites representatives of the various types of thought, and most justly accuses the supporters of an aristocratic, deterministic, nationalistic ethics of limiting their view of life to "evolution in the narrower sense of the struggle for existence." He faces fairly the fact of men who are believers in social progress apart from a confessed experience of God, but astutely finds them at least indirectly obligated to such an experience. A fine analogy from the soil and the sun beautifully illuminates the reasoning of this point.

To illustrate how careful Professor Lyman is not to overstrain the conclusions to which he comes, let me quote: "In the fact of social progress, the postulate of God has substantial verification," but, it is then carefully pointed out, this is "conditioned upon the exercise of faith and of creative intelligence by man on a democratic scale." He does not deceive himself into thinking that social progress can be brought about merely by writing lectures or sermons. On the contrary he finds progress to be, to a great degree, a physical matter. Even the tragedy of the war cannot break through his faith in social progress, though he frankly admits that the conditions upon which the verification of faith depends may have to be re-examined.

The experience of God is set forth as of primary importance in social progress because of its high social value, for, as the author says: "Any thoroughgoing organisation of experience will have to include values as well as facts." One cannot help wishing that the Old Testament prophets held a greater place than they do in this lecture.

In the third lecture the author deals with matters of a more or less speculative nature; but they are matters which faith is inquiring about and especially in these days have become of almost popular concern. Does "cosmic evolution give evidence of being the manifestation of a comprehensive purpose"? Here again the admirable scientific sense of the author makes him begin with the present universe and trace its continuity backward. Despite the temporary obscuration of the war, he sets forth clearly the factor of a "co-operative social intelligence," and traces it back through the evolution of mind to psychic selection with no breach in the continuity of purposiveness in the universe. Even were the chemical or mechanical explanation of life extended to the limit, he declares, this purposiveness would not be lost. The conclusion

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to which he comes is well entitled "evolutionary theism." He candidly admits that such a conclusion is impossible without faith, "not a faith that flies in the face of the facts, nor that arbitrarily cuts loose from the facts, but a faith that, candidly reviewing the facts, clings to the principle that the facts can be combined with the great values—either by constructive thinking or constructive moral living."

The refutation of Mr. H. G. Wells's uneven and frequently dogmatic and contradictory description of God seems to me one of the most interesting parts of this book; for there is no doubt that Mr. Wells has in certain aspects expressed the thoughts and feelings of modern men. There has been a genuine revolt from the old theology's description of God as sufficient unto himself and as governing the world regardless of men. There was something immoral about this definition that has alarmed the sense of human responsibility. But is it necessary to rush with Mr. Wells to the extreme of dualism and a finite god of redemption? Professor Lyman sounds a worthy recall to a sane and reasonable faith in God, who is finite only "if the term 'infinite' were to be used in a merely abstract logical sense, meaning the absence of all limiting conditions of whatever nature," but who is actually "infinite in the pragmatic sense of the term—that is, adequate for the practical solution of all our finite problems."

In the vital conjunction of life and religion Professor Lyman shows forth a God who is creatively thinking now and calling men to creative thinking; "who is living and working in time and who is eternal by reason of the inexhaustibleness of his creative love," and who is "the great Teacher of the Universe."

This is essentially a modern book, but unlike so many modern books it comes to clear conclusions. Its spirit is that of a strong and liberal faith. Its method is scientific and scrupulously honest. It does not conceal the limitations of human intelligence with rhapsodical declarations. It leaves the reader with a clearer conception of God and an impulse to do his own share of the world's work.

One puts down Doctor Maclean's book, *God and the Soldier*,* with a sense of profound gratitude. It is still another testimony to the sterling qualities of human nature that appear in time of stress. Like Donald Hankey, the author finds much of the religion of the soldier to be inarticulate but none the less genuine.

The Preface, which describes in a word the origin of the book in one of the camps in France where the authors were working with the troops, modestly disclaims the achievement of any final conclusions. The book surpasses the authors' hopes. It is a powerful contribution to the understanding of religion to-day. It is invigorating and full of hope, sympathetic and yet without that mawkish sentimentality that often poses as religion.

The book breathes the atmosphere of reverence, and treats of the essential needs of men in the direct way that we have come to expect of the best type of Scottish minister. For example, the first chapter plunges right into the question: Is God to blame? The doctrine of omnipotence is shown to be limited only by the

*God and the Soldier. By Norman Maclean, D.D., and J. R. P. Sclater, D. D. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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moral nature of God Himself. And there is a humourous description of the soldier who became tangled up in verbal orthodoxy while arguing this point in a hut. The Church is called upon to reconsider the doctrine of the devil. "Not that we are called upon to believe in an absolutely malignant Will, that opposes itself to the Will of God; but that we must consider the possibility of the existence of beings, vastly greater than ourselves, which, like ourselves, are sinful in the sense of resisting God's purposes, and which, with us, are creating a 'tone,' that surrounds us—in which, in a tragic sense, we live and move and have our being — whereby God's Will is thwarted and the beauty of His world is marred." (One is reminded of Paul's principalities and powers.) Against these forces God is at war. He is no Sphinx looking on, but He is actively engaged in correcting, adjusting, transmuting. This is a fine chapter for all discouraged people to read.

One of the most moving parts of the book is the chapter on "The Unending War." It is a clear trumpet call to repentance. "We have replaced agonising for sin by organising for material betterment." "Look where one will, one can scarcely see in Europe to-day any nation that feels any need for repentance." "It is more dangerous to be a child in the slums of London or Glasgow, than to be a soldier in the trenches in Flanders." These are not pleasant thoughts to consider, but they are vital to religious faith. And the characteristic of this book is not to mince matters.

In religion and the Church, as indeed in most other things, there will be changes occasioned by the war. But the interesting thing to observe in this book is the survival of ancient fundamentals. "A message that it is the *Crucified* Christ that unfolds God to us is a message soldiers always listen to. They will worship a God who is the supreme burden-bearer of the Universe. They will worship, in short, the eternal Christ-in-God. But I doubt if they will worship any God but that." But religious people must revise their conception of goodness. They must give its proper place to the courage, selflessness, loyalty of the men who are not saints nor angels, but are certainly men. The soldier who picturesquely harangued his sick comrade for losing his overcoat, and then ended by putting his own coat on the sick man, must be taken at his real value.

Prayer is discussed under the title of Francis Thompson: *The Sword of the Saints.* Simple and practical answers are given to a number of difficulties, and a plea is made for a return to prayer. "For the war is now a war of endurance, a conflict of soul, and the victory will rest with the nation that can sustain to the bitter end the will to conquer. And there is but one way of making our will adamant, and that is by merging it in the will of God."

Especially helpful is the suggestive chapter on "Immortality." It does not try to reach a definite conclusion, but noting that the teaching of Jesus is curiously veiled on the future life, is satisfied to bring out the two great elements in that teaching: 1. Now is the day of salvation. 2. God being Love, it is not for us to set limits. Against the common Church teaching that ultimate destiny is fixed at death, he sets the fact that mothers are hope-

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lessly unorthodox, and asks, Can God love less than mothers? With a vivid illustration, the question of the finality of heaven or hell after death is raised. And it is found reasonable to believe in a third category "that cannot be hell, and is not the full triumph over evil that is heaven." Our duty to the dead cannot be limited to carrying on their cause, but ought to include prayer.

Do some of these questions sound unreal? I can vouch myself, from the experience of talking about religion with soldiers in our camps, that they are practical and vital matters of common thought.

As you may imagine, the book has some very strong ideas about the Church and her future, and these are offered in a liberal spirit that takes account of the difficulties. Three purposes are found in the Church: first, "to worship God; next, to develop Christian life among Christians; and third, to extend Christ's kingdom." The Y. M. C. A. is highly commended for its work for the soldiers and also for its attitude toward the Church. It has given an actual illustration of interdenominational co-operation, and has avoided putting itself forward as a substitute for the Church. This book demands Church Unity, not on the basis of an undenominational church (that vague and barren dream), but on the basis of a growing spirit of unity among all the Churches.

It is to be hoped that this book will be widely read not only for its sane optimism, but as a guide in planning for the reconstruction of the future. It is a delight to read a book that speaks so directly to the practical needs of men on such profound topics, in a style that is at once reverent and illuminated by flashes of humour.

WAR BOOKS OF THE MONTH

BY J. C. GREY

The Muse of Criticism, who measures all things mortal with cold, immortal hands, for all her dispassionate impartiality, can hardly look on the whirlwind of these war times, in which so much of the precious heritage of mankind has been brutally destroyed and so much spiritual misery inflicted, without at once passing judgment on the agency that brought it about. The verdict of the world is seldom wrong, and already the *orbis terrarum* is in arms against the unclean thing that would oppress it.

Wars we have always had with us; but we had built around them the laws of war and even such a thing as chivalry, and there were the recognised prerogatives of the wounded. We had even dared to hope that civilised states might find other means of settling their conflicting interests. Wars might indeed come, like scandals, but no such war as this German war—cruel, bitter, merciless—the scandal of the world, had been believed possible.

I

No wonder Professor Sigmund Freud is constrained to write in his *Reflections on War and Death:* "Two things have roused our disappointment in this war: the feeble morality of states in their external

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relations, which have inwardly acted as guardians of moral standards, and the brutal behaviour of individuals of the highest culture of whom one would not have believed any such thing possible." It is an indictment of the whole German people, all the more damning as he goes on to explain that our disappointment is not justified, because the culture we believed in was an illusion.

Civilised society, he tells us, and though he does not say so, he means civilised German society, demands good conduct and does not bother about the impulse on which it is based, and has won over to civilised obedience many people who do not thereby follow their own natures. This is a strange and specious theory of nationhood that fits in only with the Prussian state: the individual for the state, not the state for the individual; the individual no longer a person endowed with rights and duties, but a thing, a chattel, one of the pack.

When Kant wrote that international right must be based on a federalism of free states, he expressed one of the two alternatives before the nascent Germany of his day. But when Fichte developed the doctrine of the divine Deutschheit, he led German thought in the opposite direction. Even this doctrine of Germanism had its inspiration in the true national life of the people, in the worship of a national ideal, but in course of time, under the pitiless logic of the Prussian theory, it was degraded into state idolatry in which the national impulse became the blind instrument of the infallible state.

But let Freud* expound for us this degradation of the German mind. Anyone, he tells us, thus forced to react against his own impulses may be described as a hypocrite, whether he is conscious of it or not. One might even venture to assert—it is still Freud's argument—that our contemporary civilisation favours this sort of hypocrisy and that there are more civilised hypocrites than truly cultured persons, and it is even a question whether a certain amount of hypocrisy is not indispensable to maintain civilisation. When this travesty of civilisation, this infallible state that has regimented and dragooned its citizens into obedience, goes to war, Freud is pained but not surprised that it makes free use of every injustice, of every act of violence that would dishonour the individual, that it employs not only permissible cunning but conscious lies and intentional deception against the enemy, that it absolves itself from guarantees and treaties by which it was bound to other states and makes unabashed confession of its greed and aspiration to power. For conscience, the idea of right and wrong, in the Freudian sense, is not the inexorable judge that teachers of ethics say it is: it has its origin in nothing but "social fear," and whereas in times of peace the state forbids the individual to do wrong, not because it wishes to do away with wrongdoing but because it wishes to monopolise it, like salt or tobacco, it suspends its reproach in times of war. The suppression of evil desires also ceases, and men, finding the moral ties loosened between large human units, commit acts of cruelty, treachery, deception and brutality the very possibility of which would have been considered incompatible with their degree of culture.

*Reflections on War and Death. By Professor Sigmund Freud. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

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Truly, it is too disingenuous that, having said so much to explain and explain away the horrors that are associated with the name of Germany in this war, our subtle philosopher should lean back in his armchair and mock us with this outcropping from the Teutonic complex: "We live in the hope that impartial history will furnish the proof that this very nation in whose language I am writing and for whose victory our dear ones are fighting, has sinned least against the laws of human civilisation." Four-fifths of the entire world has already given its verdict and determined that the essential issue in this war is not political nor economic, but something deeper, a clash of moral values; and four-fifths of the world has gone into this war to fight an attempt to propagate a national policy of brute force through crime, deceit and dishonour.

Four years ago, the casual onlooker from this side of the water might have been forgiven for seeing in the storm brooding and breaking over Europe a struggle for supremacy among European nations; but when Germany broke her solemn obligation and walked over Belgium to the throat of France, the war took on a new aspect. The world was not slow to recognise the full significance of that brutal act and its sequel. The frank confession of the German Chancellor that Germany had cast off "international fear" and that necessity knew no law, proclaimed only too well the policy that would stop short at nothing, and was emphasised as the weeks went by in a chain of horrors that revealed a plan to terrorise the world into subjugation to the will of a monster. Such is the theme of *War and the Coming Peace*,* by Professor Jastrow.

Germany's conduct in the war, he points out, has clarified the moral issue and united the civilised world in the determination to stamp out a spirit and a policy which have brought upon mankind the bloodiest conflict in history. All other causes have receded into the background, and the one figure in relief for four years against an angry sky is the man in "shining armour," determined to carry out forcibly what he calls the national ambition. The war is now a struggle of the civilised world, against the systematic plan of the German Government to oppose the currents of the age by the exhibition of force and the rattling of the sabre. Therefore, Germany, standing behind that man in shining armour, is waging a defensive war, as she claims she is.

What Germany is defending, however, is not the boundaries of Germany or the existence of Germany as a nation, but a policy that can only be carried out by the triumph of military strength, a system of terrorisation that, if successful, will spell the moral downfall of the world as well as its submission to a moloch of brute power. Against this spectre the democracy of the world, the free peoples of the earth, have taken up arms and proclaimed to the people of Germany in the words of Luther: "Here we stand. We cannot do otherwise."

What, then, is this magic word "democracy" round which the world rallies to-day? One who has recently come from Russia—for a few months believed to be the most democratic country in the world—tells us that he saw there an old social system

*War and the Coming Peace. By Professor Morris Jastrow. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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torn up by the roots [Anyone anxious to know the inward working of that anachronistic structure which was the Russia of the Czars will find a fascinating picture of it in Doctor E. J. Dillon's *The Eclipse of Russia**], the collective mind plunging into the strangest adventures, unrestrained by convention or tradition or prudence. He saw, as he puts it, "children playing in the marketplace with the ancient secrets of power." The liberated and awakened masses got the bit in their teeth and bolted. Does the Russian disaster, we may ask, mean that democracy is not the principle that is to govern the world and establish harmony among the peoples? The answer is that it was not democracy he saw, but a people drunk with a license they called freedom, for no people have a right to enter the democracies of the world until they have developed a capacity for self-control.

In a true democracy men concede freedom to each other, they do not assert it for themselves. We are democratic because we believe that every man is at his best when he is free, not because we ourselves wish to have our own way. Democracy is against all egotism, national or individual, and is based on a trust in mankind. That is why we deny the title democratic to the institutions and government of Germany. Behind the German system there is a towering national egotism. The German people have foregone freedom as we know it; because as a nation they want to have their way, because they believe in their sacred German will. For the Germans have discovered a peculiar kind of freedom—German freedom—freedom to obey. Their national will is one, like the will of an army, and there is agreement about their national aims as about the victory which an army desires. They want what their rulers want, and they are convinced that it is their will that their rulers accomplish. Other men, if governed as they are, they admit would be slaves, but they are not slaves because they freely will their own slavery.

They have learned discipline in the army, and for them the army is not merely a means of defence but a model for society, in proof whereof they point to the wonderful strides Germany has made and the victories she has won in the last hundred years: it is the judgment of God in their favour. Nor were there wanting many onlookers here and abroad who were so impressed by these victories, industrial and military, that every kind of freedom was discredited, and there grew up a belief that the Germans had won through their moral qualities, that German discipline was something ethically fine, and that the German machine had a soul. This is one more reason why the democracies of the world are in arms to-day to defeat the German machine. The justification of that machine is success; failure will refute its contentions. Democracy is on trial, for this is a war to decide whether the nations shall be ruled by the reasoned voice of free men or by a system that spells force, that does not reason or argue but points to the sword as its first and last appeal —"a system," in the words of Professor Jastrow, "which is symbolised by a military machine, perfected to do its work with unerring precision, recognising no law except that underlying its own being. Germany's

*The Eclipse of Russia. By Doctor E. J. Dillon. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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conduct of the war is in consistent accord with the system; and when I speak of her conduct I do not mean merely the taking and shooting of hostages . . . wholesale deportations . . . and all the varied barbarities in her method of warfare. I do not mean merely terrorising the inhabitants of invaded districts by wanton acts of destruction to serve as warnings. I include also the elaborate spy system . . . like the network of an ugly spider. I include the insidious propaganda . . . I include the sinister intrigues of the military and diplomatic policy until the atmosphere becomes so thick with insidious deception that when an official utterance comes from Germany the world no longer takes such an utterance at its face value, but seeks for some hidden meaning. It almost takes for granted that when Germany speaks through her Chancellor she does not mean what she says but something else. All this is a direct outcome of the system and an inherent part of it; and it is evident that the condition of affairs thus called into being removes the basis for any understanding between Germany and the other nations. . . . The world cannot breathe freely in such an atmosphere. . . . The present conflict therefore, I urge, is primarily a moral issue, a determination to strike at the root of the evil which has produced the present calamitous condition of the world."

That the struggle must be decisive is also emphasised by wealth of military and economic argument in *German Plans for the Next War*,* by the Military Critic of the New York *Times*, who shows that already Germany is laying her plans for new mischief, in itself a cogent reason why she should now be shorn of her power.

*German Plans for the Next War. By the Military Critic of the New York *Times*. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

†When the Somme Ran Red. By Captain A. R. Dugmore. New York: George H. Doran Company.

II

As the war draws on through its fourth year, one of its distinctive marks is the number of books that have been written about it. Its solemn purpose, its awful tragedy, its unequalled horrors have stirred many minds. The conscience and the curiosity of the world are aroused as no war has ever aroused them. If one may hazard an explanation of this phenomenon in the book world, it lies largely in the eclipse of the war correspondent.

The military leaders have decided that a circle of silence should be drawn around their operations and that the war correspondent may be a menace to an army which he has every ambition to serve. This greatest of all wars has produced no Russell, no Forbes, no Creelman, no McGahan. No such rigid censorship as this war has brought has before been known. The cables are controlled by the War Departments and the war correspondent sees but that part of the war it is the good pleasure of the General Staff that he shall see. The facts are always told sooner or later, but it is only the man who has been through this war who is able to tell them—the aviator, the surgeon, and the man who held the trench through the long days and the longer nights.

There is something big and soldierly about what Captain Dugmore says in the closing pages of his book *When the Somme Ran Red*:† "This is no time for finding fault, for trying to undermine the trust of the people

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in those that are making the efforts that have surprised the world. It is a time for doing things, great or small, according to our ability." Dugmore is one of those who saw the war from within, and he tells us how the common soldier, the simple soldier, as the French have it, fights his battles and "grouses" in between his fights.

Under the German Shells,* by E. Bourcier, a Frenchman of letters, gives a picture of the poilu in war. Bourcier was one of those who believed war in our century impossible, yet he saw what no pen nor brush can depict—families in flight, the flight of the weak and innocent before the strong and the guilty. The simple soldiers of France come and go through his pages, kindly human beings, worthy of their great country. Anything that helps us to appreciate the soul of France is an aid and an inspiration. The two theories of the man-brute and the man-human have met squarely in this war, and the simple soldier of France is the man-human under all stress and strain. This amazing French spirit is also the theme of *Number 6*,† a few pages from the diary of an ambulance driver, who calls himself a member of the slaughter-house department "to pick up the pieces." Its author has not stopped to moralise, and he tells us how the poilu feels when he has *zigouillé* his enemy.

The War Letters of Edmond Genet‡ are written by a young American who enlisted in the Foreign Legion as a private, where his cheerful courage won him the name of "Little Smiler." He was the first American to fall after his country declared war on Germany, and veteran soldier though he was, he was then only twenty years of age.

Professor Jastrow pays a fitting tribute to the thousands of such volunteers who, before America formally entered the war, went forward to hold the line that means the safeguarding of liberty and of civilisation. He recalls our men and women who left their ordinary tasks to carry the wounded from the battlefield, to win them back to health, to assist in restoring what the engines of war had destroyed. The business man, from the magnate to the clerk, left his office; the lawyer closed his desk; the doctor gave up his practice; the teacher closed his classroom; the artist put away his brush, —not out of selfish interest or mere love of adventure, but because of the aroused conscience of mankind, to crush a system that represents an evil force in the world. One of these was young Edmond Genet. There is a curious pathos about that last letter written to his mother on April 15, 1917: "Cheer up, little mother, if possible I am going to come back on a furlough. If I can get authority to go from the French, I can wear a uniform and not be afraid of getting interned by my own Government for being unneutral." He was killed the day after he wrote that letter. Lufbery, who wrote such a quiet account of Genet's death, has also gone on the High Adventure.

Captain J. Norman Hall, whose latest book, *The High Adventure*,§

*Under the German Shells. By Emmanuel Bourcier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†Number 6. By C. de Florenz. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

‡The War Letters of Edmond Genet. Edited by Grace Ellery Channing. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

§The High Adventure. By Captain J. Norman Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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tells of wondrous fights in air, is now a prisoner in Germany. He will be remembered as the author of *Kitchener's Mob*. His powers of observation, perception and insight have not been dulled since he left the uniform of a British infantry man to fly for the American army. His note-book has been busy recording the privations, the hardships and the joys of those who tempt the dangers of the air on wings.

If you would know how our wounded are cared for and follow them step by step from the battle line, from the charge "over the top," through the gas and the danger of the trenches, there is *A Surgeon in Arms*,* by Captain Manion, a Canadian who blends humour and tragedy in his story.

III

One of the enigmas, of this great struggle to make the world safe for democracy, has been Russia. The old autocracy was cast down over night. The members of the new government were convinced democrats. They believed in liberty as the basis of power; they turned away from coercion, they trusted the people. Freedom of the press, freedom of speech, the abolition of capital punishment, the opening of the prison doors emphasised the victory of democracy. Then came the Bolsheviki and it was found that democracy was not safe for Russia. Who will explain this strange national disaster? If a long residence in Russia, a passion for truth and the zeal of the scholar can avail, Doctor Dillon, in his *Eclipse of Russia*, has explained it. If Russia is a book with seven seals, he has broken them and read within the pages. The history of the revolution of 1917, he says, is the tale of a fatal psychological error. It was the aim of the Duma to free the country from the power of the Czar, and admit the people to a share in public affairs proportionate to their mental and moral equipment. But the Duma forgot that the predatory character of the state had long since been assimilated by the people who were accustomed to rob the land of its fertility and were impatient to deprive the nobles of their goods. The Duma promised them the land, provided they would wait until a Constituent Assembly should meet and lay down the conditions of transfer and expropriation. Thereupon the Bolsheviki outbid the Duma and took the people into partnership at once. It is a dark and hopeless picture Doctor Dillon draws of a nation suffering from delirium tremens. His book is full of vivid interest from the first page to the last. Personal recollections of Russia's great men—the workings of its crooked bureaucracy—Gapon and Rasputin—the lack of Russian unity are all told as only one can tell them who has lived and moved intimately among the things he relates.

A student of international relations all his life, Doctor Dillon is particularly at home in the intricacies of the Petersburg Foreign Office. Most extraordinary of all his revelations is that of the Secret Treaty of Bjorke, in which the cunning of the Kaiser sought to ensnare the weak vanity of the Czar into an alliance which meant treachery to France.

The heroic spectacle of democracy under arms leads up to the thought

*A Surgeon in Arms. By Captain R. J. Manion. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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of democracy after the war and that League of Nations to which we all aspire. While clearing the air for a united human effort to put an end to wars, H. G. Wells makes appeal in *In the Fourth Year** for a plain statement of our war aims, to revolutionise the internal psychology of Germany. Mr. Wells, as usual, writes with an easy pen. His arguments are plausible and often convincing. But he is petulant. He finds the war irritating. His conceit and conceits are amusing: "I live in days of hardship and privation," he writes, "when it feels more natural to feel ill than well, without holidays or rest or peace. Yet never have I been so sure that there is a divinity in man and that a great order of human life, a reign of justice and world-wide happiness, plenty and power and hope, lies close at hand. Even now we have the science and the ability available for a universal welfare, though it is scattered about the world like a handful of money dropped by a child; even now there exists all the knowledge that is needed to make mankind universally free and human life sweet and noble." The writer of *God, the Invisible King*, is once more the preacher and his book ends like the peroration of a curate's, prone. We do not look to Mr. Wells for the millennium, but for literature and he is failing us. Is it then true that literature loves only peace? Yet, the ages of Pindar and Augustus sprang from Salamis and Pharsalia.

The millennium is not yet at hand. The science and ability available for a universal welfare were always there as now, for mankind seems inevitably drawn toward a perfection never to be wholly compassed. Men, however, are not moulded as nations but as individuals. One who believes in the progress of the human race does not falter before the menace of these dark days. We can look backward as well as forward and history presents no commoner spectacle than that of an era of destruction following an era of creation, an age bent on ruin preparing the foundations of a nobler structure. When the barbarians levelled the temples of Rome, they made ready the marbles out of which the great churches were built.

So it is that in these stormy years and amid the panic of many minds, we find security in beholding the perils through which we have come: *O passi graviora, his quoque deus dabit finem.*

FRENCHWOMEN AND FEMINISM

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

In *Women and the French Tradition*,† Mrs. Ravenel has brought, with much deftness, the praise of various great Frenchwomen to sustain her—on the whole—anti-feminist thesis. Her individual portraits of individual women of talent reinforce her first and last essays on the more general subject: *The Eternal Feminine* and *Women of France*. Mrs. Ravenel's idea is, apparently, that the solution of the feminist problem is to be found in the spectacle of the

*In the Fourth Year. By H. G. Wells. New York: Macmillan Company.

†Women and the French Tradition. By Florence Leftwich Ravenel. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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intelligent Frenchwoman who is, herself, too clever and too contented to be a feminist at all, in the Anglo-Saxon or the Slavic sense.

Now there is a great deal in this contention, as anyone who is not too madly feministic will admit. But it is perhaps a pity for her argument that Mrs. Ravenel's instances of Frenchwomen in the great tradition should nearly all appear to have been, as human beings, either unhappy or unscrupulous. That is not what the ideal Frenchwoman (in the closing essay) maintains concerning herself. And with all due regard for the French social tradition, one wonders if Mrs. Ravenel does not minimise the difference between the romantic marriage and the marriage of convenience—even as most of us Anglo-Saxons exaggerate it. Moreover, no definition of the French feminine tradition, I think, should leave so much out of account the immense effect, on life and character, of the Roman Catholic Church. Mrs. Ravenel's avowed master—Matthew Arnold—never did that.

Mrs. Ravenel is mild in her anti-feminism, and by no means dogmatic. She is the more easily agreed with on many points. Her discussions of individual Frenchwomen are illuminating and sympathetic—especially her delightful portrait of Madame de Sévigné. The trail of Matthew Arnold is all over the book—in no slavish sense. To those of us who were brought up on Arnold's criticism, the references to his authority are wholly pleasant and endearing. Whether it will be so for the maddest moderns is another question. But one fancies that Mrs. Ravenel is quite boldly unwilling to placate the clever young things to whom Arnold is as hateful as the classics. She must be prepared to be told by many reviewers that her criticism "dates" shockingly. Indeed, it is a challenge to a whole contemporary group even to mention people who lived as long ago as Madame de Sévigné and Madame de la Fayette. The only Frenchwomen the moderns feel akin to—one gathers—are the female *sans-culottes* who watched the tumbrils go by, and the French tradition they respect is the one which originated the *Marseillaise.* (Perhaps they are not aware that—until very recent years, at all events—it was forbidden to sing or play the *Marseillaise* in the Paris streets, except on certain well-defined occasions; and that, on July 14th, decent folk of every shade of opinion stayed within doors. If you have ever heard, and seen, Calvé sing the *Marseillaise,* you know, thanks to her genius, why.) Because we know how prevalent is this attitude, some of us will inevitably be depressed as we lay down the book. For while we may welcome its sanity, its urbanity, its stress on abiding values, we are aware that just those things are hateful to a large number of contemporary minds. So much honest and delicate perception of traditional virtues will here and there find its reward in hisses. The remnant, however, will cherish this presentment of brilliant women, some of whom, at least, laid hold on the things mankind has struggled to achieve.

Of the several essays, that on Madame de Sévigné is the most delightful, because the most sympathetic. There is nothing to cavil at or to explain away in Marie de Rabutin-Chantal. Mrs. Ravenel reopens, too, most interestingly, the problem of Madame de la Fayette.

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That she does not attempt to solve it is all to the good. We are intrigued by that far-off personality; the critic evokes a figure of mystery and leaves it there, delicately provocative. I shall at once re-read *La Princesse de Clèves*—which, I fancy, is precisely what Mrs. Ravenel intended. If the critic does not succeed so well in making one wish to read—or re-read—*Arvède Barine*, that is not her fault. Arvède Barine sounds dismal. The fact is that French men and women who have been bred in Protestantism are apt to make cheerless writers. They have been untouched by one element of the great French tradition; they have lived, in a sense, apart from the main Gallic movement. They seem not quite at peace with their world. Even Pierre Loti is not really at peace until he gets to Benares.

Concerning Georges Sand, volumes have been written, as Mrs. Ravenel well knows. She needs perhaps a more impassioned defence than this to enable her to arouse our interest again; for most of us have settled the Georges Sand question for ourselves long since, one way or the other. The same might be said of Madame de Staël. It will take more than even this keen and careful appreciation of her sufferings to make us go back and love Germaine Necker. Time is a fair judge; and "the great salonière" deserved more, one fancies, of her contemporaries than of posterity. The little essay on Great Women's Daughters is pure gain. Indeed, Mrs. Ravenel is at her most illuminating when she forsakes the great familiar figures and casts her ray on the less well-known. She gives us these three—Madame de Grignan, the Duchesse de Broglie, and Solange Clésinger—unblurred, undistorted by the interweaving searchlights of controversy. Just as the most vivid and convincing paragraph in *The Great Salonière* is the one which expounds Germaine Necker's mother: a complete portrait in a page.

Even to the most sympathetic of Mrs. Ravenel's readers, the general discussions of feminism will seem a little old-fashioned. In some ways, she seems to be pleading after decision has been handed down. No matter how much one may agree with her in theory, one sees that certain ideas are not at present subjects for argument, though they may possibly be subjects for regret. No matter how right she may be, the fickle Time-Spirit is against her for the moment. But certainly some of these radiant figures are good to contemplate; and even the people who disagree with Mrs. Ravenel's inferences must, one would think, be grateful for her clear presentation of fact. It is one to her, argumentatively speaking, that the most distinguished of the women she deals with are the farthest removed, in time and politics, from our own feministic period; and that the more "advanced" we become, the fewer women of genius appear. Even France has, at present, only a Marcelle Tinayre, a Colette Yver, to show. This statement is not, of course, argument. But that it is an interesting fact, I hope Mrs. Ravenel will agree with me.

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OUR ROYAL ROAD TO FRANCE

BY FRANCES C. FAY

I

How great is the power of language!

When the ship from Rhodes set out for Athens and, flying from a shipwreck-threatening storm, only ran "upon the lion from the wolf" as she came upon enemy Syracuse, where capture and the fate of slaves lay before ship and company, the girl Balaustion saved the day; for she could teach "Euripides to Syracuse," "recite that strangest, saddest, sweetest song of his: *Alkestis*," and "any such happy man had prompt reward." The enemy welcomed Balaustion and her companions for the love of their common Greek tongue: "They all outbroke in a great joyous laughter with much love."

In our own time, no nation was more alive to the effect language has upon the relations of peoples than Germany, and none has more patiently applied itself to the spreading of its own language wherever Germany tried to build a place for herself in foreign lands and gain the confidence of foreign peoples.

The spread of the German language in the United States since 1848 is a truly remarkable example. Not only did the Teutonic emigrants retain the use of their own tongue and build up an extensive German press in our cities—though in most cases they exchanged their nationality quickly enough for ours, for obvious practical reasons—but they also managed quite admirably to impress upon us the necessity of being familiar with the language of Goethe and Kant if we would gain true access to one of the world's richest fountainheads of culture—nobody spoke of Kultur then! So, in a short time, German became the chief foreign language taught in our public schools; German professors were welcome to teach philosophy and science at our colleges and universities.

Gradually during these four years of sinister revelations, we have come to realise the folly of the scheme we were led in blindness to approve,—its folly and its typical cunning. In increasing numbers our schools are deciding to drop the study of German from their programme, replacing it in most cases by that of French.

If indeed the learning of a new language means the acquisition of a new soul, as Napoleon said, our choice between adding a German or a French soul to our own should be quick enough, for have we not long agreed with the poet that *tout homme a deux pays, le sien et puis la France?*

One may not be very keen on collecting souls within one's bosom, but if one looks under the surface of the literal meaning of Napoleon's expression, one finds there a truth which holds nothing formidable; a truth that is not only worth noting but that gives those who would mingle with the men and women of countries other than their own a spiritual reason and justification for the effort which the study of languages requires. For it is certain that one cannot feel with a people, be in sympathy with their point of view, cry

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with them and laugh with them—which is the ultimate test of understanding—if one cannot catch the delicate shades of their language which mirror the shades of their emotions. And does one not share, in a way, the soul into which one may look? Master their language, and you will be well on the way to spiritual communion with your neighbours; you will find reasons to fortify instinctive friendships or reject them, to criticise, approve or condemn intelligently.

Next to the fact of the Great War, the most remarkable phenomenon of our time doubtless is the very genuine friendship between America and France, who, in the main, do not understand each other's language. There is no barrier of tongues between us and the British, yet our friendship, in its national aspect, is colder, almost entirely of the mind, while we love France with our hearts as well. Logically, the very opposite would have been more likely, and ours seems the exception to the rule. Perhaps the very fact of our lack of knowledge of each other's speech helped along in special ways the friendship for which Lafayette and Rochambeau laid the foundation. Perhaps it is because every critical or unkind word uttered here about the British, and in England about us, was so easy to flash across the Atlantic and to spread in the press, that the ancient grudge we bore each other since the great blunder of the German half-wit George III, was not allowed to die a well-deserved death, until the Great War forced everyone who held a spark of the God within him to wipe out petty grievances and turn in full armour against the evil host.

However, the friendly intent of the nations cannot always be relied upon to smooth the relations between individuals of those nations, when they come into contact under war conditions. From the constant sight of mental and physical human agony, however bravely borne, nerves are raw and patience is short. And when people of racially different temperament are working together, in the field, in offices, in hospitals, relief-stations or canteens, the difficulties for co-operation are immeasurably intensified where the workers, though all intent on the same goal, are playing at cross-purposes because they have not learned to feel each other's language, even if, in school-fashion, they understand it.

Of course, there is the feeling that passeth understanding, but it is one of the rare surprise gifts of nature. Some few men and women are so humanly sensitive that they can do without the medium of language to understand and be understood. Perhaps the gift of tongues bestowed upon the Apostles was but the faculty of giving their message through the universal means of tone, expression, gesture and that mysterious quality called personal magnetism. Certainly it must be the very same gift that brought comfort to the souls and bodies of many of war's victims through kindly ministrations in their hour of agony. And who shall say that it is not the same gift also which gives some great artists of the stage the power to interest and to move audiences of all countries? One who knows no French or Italian cannot fail to respond to Sarah Bernhardt's and Eleonora Duse's every meaning; and Americans entirely ignorant of Russian have been known to watch nigh spellbound the first act of *The*

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Brothers Karamazoff, a practical monologue of forty minutes' duration, as Orlienieff played it at a Bowery theatre in New York.

But people thus endowed remain the very great exception, and even they cannot convey to those ignorant of the very basic warp and woof of their magic tapestry the finer points of linguistic beauty and style, or the more tenuous complexities of thought and sentiment. The rest of us, the all-too-human millions, have to rely to a rather appalling degree on the language we use to make ourselves plain, unless, like Mr. Charles Chaplin, we have an eloquent pair of shoes.

However familiar one may have become, though, through study, practice and observation, with the vocabulary, grammar and syntax of a foreign language, there still remains an important bridge to cross from the understanding to the feeling of it, between which two is the cañon that engulfs so many worthy and earnest efforts. One can be taught to understand and speak a foreign language, to read and write it; the feeling of it depends entirely on one's own human and linguistic sensibility, one's facility for adapting one's own processes of thought to those of the people whose language one is using.

If one could become as a child, that would probably be the key to a perfect study of languages. A child hears and imitates and never bothers about hard and fast rules—which is perhaps the secret reason of the freedom and picturesqueness of his speech. And as most of us are children to the end, only hampered (for this one purpose) by the methodical habits contracted in school, for us the best road to learning a foreign language might well be a sort of golden medium between the child's way and the grammarian's method. In this manner the student should be able to prepare himself pleasantly to feel as well as understand a new language, and by feeling it acquire "a new soul."

No doubt, such an acquisition is an essential factor in the usefulness in France of our soldiers, surgeons, nurses and other helpers in the great work for democracy. Indeed, all but the actual combatants almost entirely depend for their usefulness on their knowledge of French—but for those magically gifted exceptions. Even the soldiers themselves are finding that their French, be it ever so rough, gets them, when they are quartered in French homes or away on furlough, a good deal more comforts and friendly attention than are given those whose reply to everything must be "*comprends pas.*"

The number of photographs published here of American soldiers apparently in friendly colloquy with French children and old people would tend to show, first of all, that to extreme youth as well as to old age language is a minor accessory, and secondly, that our boys "over there" are not yet enough at ease with the language of the land to form personal friendships with those inhabitants, between fifteen and fifty say, who are less elemental than the babes and less wise than the old. But to conclude that there is actual conversation where there seems to be on the pictures, would be rather rash, according to a very lettered correspondent who writes the following to his New York journal:

"An American general walked through a village street in France, near the front. A small boy ran up

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to him as these French children do, day in and day out, to American soldiers who pass. The general smiled and put his hand on the boy's head. The boy smiled up and said politely: 'Wipe your nose, kiddy!'—Many weeks' experience of American language in the mouths of French children does not go, for me, beyond 'Good-by!' when they meet me in the morning. A friend tells me he has had his hand shaken with a cheery 'Go to hell!' Most compromise on 'Hello' and 'Sure!'."

The general of the tale only smiled, but some day he may speak, and some day the urchins will know better what is what in English. But what a promise there lies in the very inarticulateness of such friendliness as this, for a friendship singularly close when we have learned to speak each other's language and to feel it!

An ideal impossible of attainment? Perhaps, but one worthy for us to strive for, aside even from its sentimental and utilitarian aspects; for language study is interesting in itself, a relaxation rather than work, and it cannot fail to enrich the student's mind in a thousand ways.

Of modern peoples, the Slavs and the Germans are no doubt linguistically the best versed, and in proportion to population the latter are quite unapproached. But what good does it do to win the world and lose one's soul? The Germans have not "acquired souls," they have lost their own in the greedy attempt.

The desire of the Russians and Poles of the cultured classes to keep abreast with the intellectual movements of Europe made a proficiency in French, English and German a necessity to them, as very few works of importance were translated into Russian or any other Slav language until recently, and travel in Western Europe was a hardship and an annoyance for those from the East who spoke only their own language. Moreover, elegant living "*à la française*" being somewhat of a creed with the Eastern aristocracy of Europe, they felt that the use of the French tongue was fitting when they endeavoured to live in the French manner.

The reason of the Germans for learning foreign languages was of a much more practical order, and typically subtle as German reasons can be. At the back of it there was of course the same appetite for world dominion that is at the back of this world ordeal: the Great War. "We want our place in the sun at any cost," said the Germans. "Toward this end, we must extend our commerce over the world, and to do so we must speak the languages of the world, so as to have the advantage over our competitors, those stupids who speak only English and French. Furthermore, we must know the languages of many peoples so that we may become friendly with them all and, having gained their confidence, can put them to sleep till we have made them one with us, brothers under the Red, White and Black!" It is but the now too familiar *Deutschland, Deutschland ueber alles*, which, after all, explains the lot of German processes of thought.

II

Considering the etymology of our modern English language, it is rather strange that English-speaking people in general are so markedly disinclined to acquire the knowledge of other languages, since

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we have borrowed from nearly all of them with particular freedom to form our present-day English vocabulary. Lexicographers call our language the most composite of all existing; not only in number, but in importance, foreign words play a greater part in English than in any other tongue. Sir James Murray said that "it is probable that original English words do not now form more than a third, or, perhaps, a fourth of the total entries in a full English dictionary."

Of particular interest to prospective students of French is the fact that to every three pure Anglo-Saxon words, there are four of French derivation to be found in our current speech. If you will, look up the words of this very paragraph in any English-French dictionary and you will find that twelve of them are similar in both languages and one identical, this differing only in pronunciation.

The vocabulary of persons of average education is supposed to contain about twenty thousand words. Nearly one-fifth of this number our ancestors absorbed into the English language from the French. We should find it easy to resolve them back into French—the memorising of a few general rules will do the trick. The common source of Latin and Greek furnishes two more groups of words only slightly different in French and English. Altogether, a goodly foundation for us to start learning French with!

The Norman Conquest brought with it the first invasion of Anglo-Saxon English by Romance or French. The Saxons, writes Taine, were "gluttons and drunkards" and "still weighted with their German phlegma," and the "sprightlier" Normans, "refined in their food and studiously careful in their dress," quickly became the masters of the land by virtue of their superior civilisation, reducing the vanquished enemy to a condition of slavery on their own soil. As a natural consequence, the rude, forceful but unmusical Saxon tongue gave way to the softer, more gracious and rhythmical French, and gradually disappeared from use in all but a few inland districts where Norman influence was least pressing.

The Saxons were unlettered people. Their language was written very little at any time, and then only in monkish circles. Not long after the Conquest, it almost entirely ceased to be a written language, and of the few documents preserved, fewer still have any literary merit whatsoever.

The short, rimeless Saxon tales with their curious stresses and al literations, told by the old bards, ot *scôps*, with an accompaniment on the harp-like instrument they so picturesquely called a *glee-beam*, had no place at court or in baronial halls, and even by the humbler firesides a preference grew for the interminable Norman lays which first introduced metre and rime into English poetry. Thus, Norman volubility, elegance of phrase and clearness of thought were grafted on Saxon terseness and obscurity of thought, preparing the way for Chaucer.

It is perhaps no more difficult for a Frenchman than for any of us who speak English to read Chaucer in the original, and indeed it is much easier for both than it was for the "father of English poetry" to read the Saxon Chronicles, for example. A glossary to the *Canterbury Tales*, compiled by Tyrwhitt, gives by ac-

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tual count one thousand four hundred and eighty Saxon words to one thousand three hundred and seventy-six French, eighty-four Latin, three Dutch and one Italian, and the changes time has wrought are less notable in the French than in the Saxon words.

Until the Hundred Years' War rent asunder the good neighbourly relations between France and England, French remained the official language in the Island Kingdom, not only at court, for law pleadings and statutes, but for every cultured use to which a language is put,—which was only natural, since the Normans were the introducers and custodians of practically all the culture there was in England at that early time. It was the Normans who built churches and cathedrals, who established more than five hundred schools between the Conquest and the death of King John. It was the first two Norman Archbishops of Canterbury —Lanfranc and Anselm—who reorganised the Saxon ecclesiastical system, put Norman abbots over Saxon monasteries and dispatched the four Norman orders of "begging friars" through the country to give of their learning, change "leechdom" into medicine, "wort-cunning" into botany and "star-craft" into astronomy. Normans did practically all the writing until the middle of the fourteenth century, the languages they used being Latin for learned, French for polite literature. So the mother-tongue of all but the lower classes in remote rural districts had grown to be French when Edward III, going to war against France, decreed that henceforth only "English" should be spoken at court and in Parliament. This amalgam of Saxon and Romance, combining the virtues of both, the strength of the one and the elegance of the other, which now became official English, was the language in which wrote Chaucer, "that well of English undefiled." It grew into the English of Milton, Dryden and Shakespeare, better than which there is no human speech.

But when the great Elizabethans had gone, there came a second invasion of French into our language, and this time it brought little good. The gay Prince Charles, fresh from the court of his cousin, the Grand Monarch, introduced at his own court a host of petty elegances, sophisticated affectations and insincerities of thought, feeling and manner that spread a glamour over the surface of life and did their share toward making the history of the seventeenth century's courts and nobles both famous and infamous. With them, of course, the complete vocabulary for their proper use came into England.

Had Charles II had more depth and less sparkle, he might have added to the English language a leaf from the great encyclopedists, from thinkers such as Pascal, Montaigne and Vauvenargues, from word-magicians like Corneille, Racine and Molière. But their influence upon the linguistic development of English he left to others to effect in their own good time, contenting himself with transplanting the most vapidly frivolous courtiers' talk, which was never so clever as when it concerned itself with personal adornment and scandalous gossip. Many words of Charles II's time are still with us, as for instance, *caprice, bagatelle, coquette;* many more have fortunately gone out of use.

The early Victorian era offers the

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next crop of French words become English; nor are they, on the whole, a worthier assortment than the earlier one. We could do very well without *blonde* and *brunette*, *chignon*, *grisette*, *cabaret*, *burlesque*, *vaudeville* and *séance*, or, for that matter, without *massage*, *masseur* and *masseuse*.

The mechanical genius presiding over the turn of the twentieth century dropped upon us a shower of French words of a sterner type. We have quite made our own such words as *automobile*, *chassis*, *chauffeur*, *garage*, *hangar*, *tonneau*, *depot*, *demarche* and the gentle *sabotage* dear to the hands of certain I. W. W.

The companionship of the soldiers on the French front inevitably cribbled the languages spoken there with a multitude of foreign words and slang expressions. How many of them the American and British armies will bring home with them, how many will be definitely incorporated into our language, the high gods alone can tell as yet, but they bid fair to grow into a new vocabulary both abundant and picturesque. One may only hope that *camouflage*, not displeasing in itself but badly abused, may remain in a class by itself: a martyr among words.

III

Strolling through the history of the English language and marvelling at the amount of French we already know without knowing we knew it is all very well, and, to a degree, perhaps even instructive; but nevertheless it leaves those of us who would like to speak French and can speak only English, precisely where we were at the start.

There are few who do not agree that for our own sake, our French friends' sake and for the smooth collaboration of our two nations in the present and future, we should leave nothing undone that is in our power of doing to solidify and broaden our friendship. Nor can there be any doubt that an essential basis for friendship between nations as between individuals is the bond of mutually understood language.

In all but pronunciation, it should be a bit easier for us to learn French, which is as clear and logical as French thought, than for the French to learn our more complex English. Besides they are the very kind of people to appreciate most our courtesy in meeting them more than halfway on the road of linguistic study, and it is our plain duty to show that courtesy, since the great catastrophe which has for four full years preyed upon the mind and body of France, has so far left our own energies practically unimpaired.

How can we best go about it, with due regard to economy of time and effort?

First of all, we should not aim too high, nor get discouraged when the effort seems out of proportion with the result. We should keep in mind the fact that learning to speak a foreign language is very much like learning to sing. There is only one Caruso, one Melba, and no amount of earnest endeavour would get the majority of us even into the chorus of the Metropolitan Opera. Nevertheless we may sing a melody at home and delight our friends. So it is with language. There is but one Sarah Bernhardt, but we shall be doing quite well enough if we learn to speak French like the ordinary garden variety of native. Many of

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us—those whose tongue and ear have hitherto lacked training—may not reach even that degree of proficiency. But just as we may develop a fine feeling for music without being able to sing, so may we acquire a fine feeling for French even if the while we speak with an accent. How soon the accent will be forgotten by those who are touched by the feeling!

There are many text-books and manuals of French whose varying merits are a matter of public acceptance, and fully a dozen of new ones have appeared on the book-stalls of this country since our entry into the war made the knowledge of at least a little every-day French a necessity for so many of us. Some of these new guides seem excellent, others good and one or two, containing chiefly imaginary conversations, rather futile. The methods are basically the same in them all; the authors appear to have tacitly agreed that the shortest cut through grammar and other such scholastic impedimenta to ordinary speech responds best to our present requirements. Nor do they vary greatly in detail, except for some authors' inordinate fondness for spelling out French sounds according to more or less elaborate phonetic systems of their own. There is, for example, a *French Primer*,* by W. E. M. Llewellyn, in which two or three naïve illustrations to a page are surrounded by letterpress resembling at first glance nothing at all, but resolving itself into phonetically spelled French kindergarten words and sentences. The booklet may have its uses for our tiny tots; though why burden their memory with a complicated and necessarily inexact phonetic alphabet when it is so easy to teach them by ear?

In truth, whether the student is a child or an adult, he will soon find out for himself that a language is not learned (for use in speech) through the eye but through the ear. Phonetic symbols have their excellent use in looking up an unfamiliar word in a dictionary, or in explaining, though imperfectly, the basic sounds of the language one wishes to learn.

William Robert Patterson, in his *Colloquial French*,† points out how very misleading phonetical symbols are bound to be when too much dwelt on, since most French sounds have no exact English equivalent.

Miss Alice Blum, of all the authors of recent text-books on French, is beyond doubt the clearest practical teacher. In the Preface to her volume *An Oral French Method*,‡ she says: "Let the student master the fifteen sounds which alone form the French language, and his immediate reward will be not only to understand but to make use of an extensive vocabulary . . ." namely, the four thousand and odd words that are similar and sometimes identical in the two languages.

In her course, she begins by "drilling" the students in the imitative reproduction of the clear vowel sounds, or "up-stairs-sounds" as she calls them, and the nasal sounds, which she nicknames "down-stairs-sounds"—the first being produced with the lips, the second with the abdomen, she asserts,—which reminds one of the Indian who, when

*French Primer. By W. E. M. Llewellyn. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

†Colloquial French. By William Robert Patterson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

‡An Oral French Method. By Alice Blum. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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he thinks, "talks in his belly." After the sounds, the student is made familiar with the cadence of French as opposed to the tonic accent in our language, and with the French way of using emphasis. This very important and extremely lucid foundation firmly laid, Miss Blum proceeds easily and with engaging liveliness to push the student out on the waters of French speech.

Whether the most faithful study, independent of a teacher, of Miss Blum's *Oral French Method* would have any better results than that of one or the other older methods, is still to be demonstrated. But then, has anyone ever learned to speak a language intelligibly without the aid of a teacher, and a native by preference, except by "picking it up" in the country itself? Certain it is that as a teacher of her own method she is extremely successful. Perhaps her personality has much to do with this success—we all remember from our days in school and college that the better we "liked" the teacher, the more easily and quickly we learned our lessons. However, one of the principal elements of Miss Blum's success seems to be that by hook or crook she will overcome the student's bashfulness. That almost universal feeling of shyness, of timidity about speaking a yet imperfectly mastered tongue in the presence of people who know it better than one's self, is, of course, the very thing that most hampers one's progress and often even makes one give up a promising attempt.

Miss Blum's antidote for the virus Timidity is the "crowd-feeling," the feeling of support, of individual effacement and, at the same tme, greater individual daring, which one draws from a crowd engaged in the same pursuit as oneself. "The more there are of them, the better they work," she says, and in support points to her huge classes, civilian and military, at Carnegie Hall, at the navy yards or at the military camps. There are anywhere from a few hundred to a few thousand students in each class; timidity is banished in no time, and voices are raised in chorus, practising French.

Of course the efficacy of every method of French largely depends on the preferences of the student, his temperament and his ways. Some may be in sympathy with Jean Leeman's assumption that Alice Blum's vivid "drill" is unnecessary for members of the Red Cross, the army and the navy who have long since learned their a, b, c. His practical phrase book, *French in a Nutshell*,* is endorsed by the Alliance Française. He divides it into chapters, or lessons, each beginning with a short list of new words to memorise and ending with a variety of questions and answers.

A Rapid French Course,† by Randall Williams and Walter Ripman, carries the student across hurdles of every kind, including hedges of phonetic spelling, along the life-course of the hypothetical Bayard family, of which we are even shown a bit of family tree.

A more directly useful and far more amusing little book somewhat to the same purpose, calling out *Take Me To France*,‡ was compiled by Claude Michelon, a poilu

*French in a Nutshell. By Jean Leeman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

†A Rapid French Course. By Randall Williams and Walter Ripman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

‡Take Me to France. By Claude Michelon. New York: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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with a sense of humour. He makes a certain use of phonetic symbols in an introductory chapter, but when he comes to French sounds without English equivalents he simply throws up his hands. For the French *u* he tells us to "try *ewu* or ask a native," and he advises us to pronounce "*un* like *ughn*, or, if you prefer, just grunt." His little breast-pocket guide gives sets of phrases most likely to be required by Americans on all possible occasions, all nicely classified. Among these he sneaks little flashes of humour that take his book quite away from the deadly dull schoolroom type. In the barber shop, for instance, he advises you to wait meekly "until the following sound strikes your ears: '*Le Suivant!*'" And after telling you just how to reply to offers of a shave, a haircut, a tonic, a shampoo and a massage, he adds: "To all other questions say *non!*"

Very different is *Beginners' French*,* by Max Walter and Anna Ballard, both of Teachers College, Columbia University. It is more like the old-time text-book, and may be as good as some of those in the hands of a teacher who insists on grammar before all else, on written exercises and versions. That part of the Walter-Ballard book devoted to description is very inferior to G. Guillebon's work *La France, French Life and Ways*,† though this latter is meant for more advanced students. It is an intelligent source of all sorts of odd information, useful to the foreigner in France later on as well as now.

On the whole, if there be a demand for the one perfect text-book, the answer still must be, and probably will remain: "There is none,"—for *la perfection n'est pas de ce monde*. Of all the most imperfect, however, are without doubt those correspondence school courses purporting to teach you French while you wait. French it may be, but no less strange and fearful than that of Chaucer's Prioress who spoke "after the school of Stratford-atte-Bow, for French of Paris was to her unknown."

The individual student must trust his own good sense and make his own selection, first of a teacher whose personality does not clash with his own, and then of the system of study that most appeals to both himself and his teacher. But whichever way we choose, we shall find it strewn with a goodly measure of difficulties —more or less, according to the individual talent, nimbleness of tongue and quickness of wit. For what Euclid said of geometry is also true of French: there is no royal road to it. True in one sense, but not true in another. Any road, no matter how difficult,—even the blood-stained road of this war,—which brings us nearer to the soul of France and all that France has stood for, is by that very fact a Royal Road.

*Beginners' French. By Max Walter and Anna Ballard. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†La France, French Life and Ways. By G. Guillebon. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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PATHS AND GOALS: FIVE AMERICAN NOVELS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

RELUCTANTLY the admirer of Mr. Poole must admit to himself that *His Second Wife** lacks the force and distinction of *His Family* or even of *The Harbor*. Here life surrounds us, not as the big living panorama of the present, but as a narrow concern of individual experiences. From an imaginative vision of society in the large sense, we come down to a curious study of society in the small; and, even more narrowly, to the airless four walls of domestic problem fiction. The story ranges itself modestly among similar stories of Henry Kitchell Webster (*The Great Adventure*) and Rupert Hughes (*The Eleventh Commandment*), and W. L. George and who-not on the other side. It is a pretty good story based upon a pretty clever idea, and more than pretty well "written." But I cannot help feeling that, for Ernest Poole, it is a failure. Its situation of the American business man hounded to unworthy labour by his luxury-loving or progeny-loving wife, continues to be a real type; but it is already trite in fiction. Edith in *His Family* is one of the doters; Amy of this book is the voluptuary. She is, to be the sure, the one person in the book who lives to the imagination as the people in *His Family* all lived. She is devoted to her husband, but as mistress rather than wife. Love, luxury, gaiety of the Broadway theatres and restaurants, are what she lives for. Joe Lanier is strongly bound to her in body and habit. Her personality, with all its limitations, is the stronger. He has been a young architect of brilliant promise; but she is not in sympathy with his aims as an artist, and to get money for her pleasures he has gradually turned from sound work to commercialism. He has had also to give up old friends for the fast and shallow set of her choice. Her sister, Ethel, a girl of better instincts but less force, comes to visit them. She has her dream of a New York of fine achievements and fine people; but she quickly comes under the domination of worldly Amy. Then Amy is carried off by sudden chance. Joe is desperate for a time, turns presently to Ethel, who has vaguely stayed to look out for his little girl. Propinquity does its work, and in due course they are married. But (and this is the idea on which the story in the book is somewhat too obviously based) the first wife is not to be downed in this way. Her influence persists. Joe cannot shake off the habit of her, or even of her friends, with whom Ethel finds nothing in common. Given this situation, the rest of the story is rather mechanically worked out. Mr. Poole has a curious tendency to make his heroes the puppets of other wills and even of other tongues. The young man in *The Harbor*, it may be recalled, seemed incapable of making any steady advance on his own feet; he was always being turned aside or converted by other people's will and eloquence. The same thing is true of Joe Lanier. We see him going his rather stupid way to artistic and social damnation, drifting into estrangement with Ethel, floundering

*His Second Wife. By Ernest Poole. New York: Macmillan Company.

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helplessly in the bog of his first wife's memory; and we see Ethel setting her shoulder to him, furtively propping him up, plotting, contriving, finally lecturing him into a right state of mind and a prospect of happiness.

Story-tellers appear to be very gingerly, just now, about dealing (in anything but romances) with men of strength and consistency and the power to see a goal and reach it. The idea is that a real man is a fumbling, fairly well-meaning animal, full of whimsical paltriness and moral instability, a Sentimental Tommy, or a Tom Jones, whose only chance of amounting to anything is to be steered by persons or circumstances in a direction that he at best very vaguely glimpses. There is little to admire or grow fond of in the Griffith Adams of Mr. Norris's *Salt*.* This, perhaps, is none of our business, taking the story as a work of "realism." And yet it is, after all, our business to consider whether we shall spend the time the four hundred close-printed pages of this narrative call for, in the company of a fellow we neither admire nor like. Especially as there are some things about him we cannot quite believe in. The fact is, as is so often the case with novels of "real life," this is primarily a novel with an idea. It is written from a conviction of the author's that the American educational theory and system are a mockery and a snare, that our colleges often corrupt youth and commonly unfit youth for life. Griffith Adams is primarily an awful example, and only secondarily a sort of "hero"—a person in whose concerns we ourselves, for the time being, may consent to be involved. Griffith is unhappy in his parentage, his homeless childhood, his schooling. His father is a bookworm who in an hour of middle-aged delirium has married a shallow beauty and flirt. They are parents with no parental instincts. The boy is got rid of as soon as possible in the name of education. At several boarding schools he suffers divers tortures and enlightenments, about which there is some very modern plain-speaking on the part of the chronicler. The father dies, the mother takes to living chiefly abroad, and after a time marries an Italian rascal of title. Griffith reaches college age. Having nothing better to do, proceeds to his destiny. He has a few illusions and aspirations left at the moment of his entrance into the Western university in which chance places him. College life handles them as Amy Lanier's New York handles the dreams of her young sister Edith. He finds himself in a community ruled by no copybook maxims of honour and fired by no intellectual impulses. He becomes a member of one of the best fraternities, and comfortably discovers that beneath the good manners of his new brothers, good habits or morals have no place. He learns the importance of picking "snap" courses, the harmlessness of cribbing, the pleasantness of getting drunk. His whole aim is to conform, to be with the crowd, to depart in no manner from the norm established by custom for university men. During his senior year he goes the pace a trifle more recklessly, gets deep in debt, and in the end fails to get his diploma. Dimly realising that he is a failure, he is confident that all is still well enough. As a college man he need only stretch out his hand to the world that is await-

*Salt. By Charles G. Norris. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

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ing his valuable services. He returns to New York to find his mother dead and no money left. A queer brother gives him a lift and finds him a job. Here begins that part of Griffith Adams's portraiture in which I do not believe. The job he takes is that of confidential man, in a crooked sense, to a department manager in the office of a great railroad. It is plain from the first that the office is run on a basis of systematised graft. The manager is part of a ring that contrives, by means of rebates, concessions, and contracts given to firms in which it holds an interest, to make large private gains at the expense of the stockholders of the road. Our cheerful Griffith, his moral sense having been debased by the standards of college life, accepts this without a qualm. He becomes the willing tool of the office, and presently sets out to work a little private game of his own, sanctioned by office precedent, connected with the sale of mileage books at cut rates. Now it happens that our youth has entered a field already mined; an investigation is under way, and he chances to be the first brought to book. Behold, then, the workings of his college-warped mind! (1) He has only done what everybody else was doing. (2) There was no harm in it anyhow, since it had been all right at college to crib in examination and swipe cigar-signs. (3) Still, he must look out for his bacon, it is nasty to lose one's job. (4) Therefore as the price of keeping his job he will turn State's evidence and betray his employer,—who, at all events, has always trusted him. We have hence the spectacle of a Griffith at once defiant of rebuke and cringing before authority, a Griffith who deliberately "tells on" all his associates in the hope of getting off himself! Naturally he is first heard and then kicked out. Now what? There is no other job for him, no regular place in an unsympathetic world of affairs. Finally he drifts into a comfortable but utterly prospectless place as secretary-companion to an old rich man. Meanwhile he has married a vulgar girl—a wonderful portrait, with her shoddy nature so strangely run through by a golden thread of the grand passion. . . . Her death leaves him alone with a baby, a son, in whom his future centres. He sees what a fool and weakling his education hitherto has made of him, and sets forth to get a real education by going into a mill and learning the wool business from the bottom up. By the time we leave him, a year or two later, he is already "our Mr. Adams," a made man, with his foot on solid—wool. And he has taken his rightful mate not in the person of the beautiful woman of society whom he has idealised from boyhood, and who is now ready for him, but in the comely, thrifty daughter of the people, who can best help him on his upward way from academic squalor to commercial success! There is, as we say, a great deal of truth in this book—meaning that as a whole it falls short of the truth. The fatal thing is Griffith's essential flabbiness. Mr. Norris, like Mr. Dreiser, somehow gets his effect in spite of a rather stolid and lumbering style—by virtue chiefly of his accurate and cumulative attention to detail.

*Caste Three** and *Rekindled Fires* are stories of youth, by no means lacking merit on the score of accurate observation and record, but of very different animus from *Salt*. For one thing, they are abundantly

*Caste Three. By G. M. Shields. New York: Century Company.

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seasoned with that salt of humour which, for better and worse, the Dreisers and the Norrises lack. For another, they see a door of salvation for fumbling youth at the very pitside from which Griffith Adams is so painfully rescued. *Caste Three* is a first novel of unusual quality, full of wit, excellent in portraiture. Unluckily its action is so slight that not even brilliancy can rescue the book from being "slow" and in parts dull. It needs, in fact, that movement which in theory we may belittle, but which is essential to real story-telling. It might be called *Twenty-One* on the principle of Mr. Tarkington's *Seventeen*. But behind its comedy of youth lurks a graver satire of which the actual title of the book makes acknowledgment. The little city of Alston, Indiana, like other cities little and great, is peopled by three castes. Our hero, Hewitt Stevenson, formulates the situation for himself and us, halfway through the book: "There are three separate castes in Alston. There are the workers, toilers, who don't count with the others. There are the respectable, public-spirited, good people, who run the churches and obey the social laws and have some ideals which they cling to stubbornly—also an enormous number of prejudices. And there are the society devotees, who set the pace and attempt to distinguish themselves from the lower and harder strata by following out an order of procedure radically expensive and wasteful, impossible of correct imitation by the masses." Hewitt himself is by origin of the second class. His father has farmed it successfully, and in later middle life has sold out his farm and moved cityward. Thenceforward he is a somewhat dispirited dabbler in city life, with a yearning for a return to the soil. His son, Hewitt, however, does not inherit his love for country life. The father has been persuaded to put him through a Chicago high school. Our narrative begins at the moment of Hewitt's return, after five years in Chicago, to the provincial city of Alston. In Chicago Hewitt has made something like a genuine intellectual start, with the aid of a group of young poets, socialists, and radicals who have a rendezvous in a certain book shop. He reads Keats as well as H. G. Wells, has the patter of second-hand criticism at his tongue's end, and a very honest instinct for good literature, as well as a determination to produce it in due time. He must have college, of course. His plans for a quick return to Chicago and her great university, however, are not seconded by Stevenson senior. He is willing to put his son through an agricultural course, on the understanding that they shall farm it together afterward; but if he wants an academic education, Hewitt must find the means himself. Hewitt is game, determines to make his own way. But he must have a little capital to start with, and finds a job for the summer in the local bookshop—"Smith's." Then atmosphere and circumstance begin to get in their work. Hewitt is young, pliant, with the makings of a poet and the makings of a snob. What we are to watch is the spectacle of Alston, the complacent, the provincial, the material—and Alston dominated by "caste three,—slowly and surely smothering the poet and nurturing the snob. There is a bitter tang in his author's last comment on a Hewitt married, smug, blameless and hopeless—the typical "good citizen" of Alston: "A sensation of being far

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from the disturbing troubles of other days came over Hewitt. . . . Few of those disturbing moods which had made his adolescence sad bothered him now. There was no discontent such as strives to move mountains, no poetics, no strong, balked emotion. Hewitt, the hugger of the shore, was safe in the harbour of the commonplace. The town had conquered, and figs and Susannah! His jelly-fish soul was become of the pink prettiness that suited the town's taste."

Rekindled Fires,* by another new novelist, has similar virtues and defects. This also is a book of thoughtful comedy, original in its scene and characters; this also is a book handicapped for popular acceptance by its "slowness" as a story. And this also is a study of American youth. But it is American youth new-minted, sharp-edged and shining, the youth of the Old World finding its marvellous opportunity in the New. Stanislav Zabransky is son of one of the leaders of the little colony of Bohemians in a New Jersey village. His father is a cobbler by calling and a politician by choice, an apostle of freedom and an amiable despot in his own household. Stanislav inherits his big frame and his eloquent tongue, and, more important, a mental eagerness which in the father's case has been denied satisfaction by the limitations of circumstance. Stanislav takes to books, and longs to enter life through the golden door of education. Fate seems adverse, and he has to leave high school to go to work in a cigar factory. There he becomes leader in a rather comic union movement —makes his mark, at all events. He is recognised as the flower of the flock; the Sons of Bohemia presently get together a few dollars and he is dispatched to Rutgers. There, despite the fact that he is a "grind," wears absurd clothes, and peddles cigars, something strong and resolute in him finds acceptance. He has the immigrant's instinct of getting his money's worth; every dollar and every moment must count. Contrasted with him is a good-humoured footless young American of his own age, the well-bred Harry, whose only aim in life is a good time and an easy one. The odd pair are friends. On trifling Harry, as on Griffith Adams, the college experience is wasted or worse; to Stanislav Zabransky (long since become Stanley Zabriskie) it is the road to happiness and usefulness. And that is to be his own road. His father's ambition has been that his son should follow him and outdo him in politics. It is plain that for Stanley, with his natural eloquence, his practical acuteness and his habit of industry, the way to political prominence lies fairly open. But there are other matters besides "getting ahead" that interest Stanley more. His enterprise, his sharpness, his capacity for toil, are part of his foreign birthright; but they are not all of it. He has also the wistful idealism of his race—that reaching out for something higher to which the "Sons of Bohemia" pay rather blind tribute in their talk about the spreading of "Bohemian ideals." He is a thinker, a dreamer, bringing his little quota, new blood and force, into the field of American thought. Therefore, at the end of his college course he turns from the prospect of practical "success" in the world of affairs to be a professor of philosophy, and so to carry the torch not only from one generation to another, but from one race to

*Rekindled Fires. By Joseph Anthony. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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another. This is the "idea" of the book and its title: that the strangers who come to our shores are not of necessity merely parasites or tough material to be somehow assimilated —made over into our own likeness— but, it may be, apostles of their own traditions and ideals, ready and able to make their own contributions in sturdiness, thrift, and even idealism to the sum of our national character. Fortunately, the idea is not rubbed in. Stanley Zabriskie is never robbed of his happy lot as a figure of high comedy. The Stanley who in a moment of reaction flings his momentous essay on *The Epistomological Evaluation of Philosophy* into the bottom of his pail and profanely covers it with huckleberries to the tune of "To-hell-with-philosophy" is as hopeful a portent as the earnest Stanley who has no doubts. He is young, and he has his foot fairly on what is, for him, the right road.

*The Way Out** is a more sombre story of quest. Its scene, the Kentucky Cumberlands, has been more often used as a convenience, a chance for "picturesque" faking, than as the natural setting of real human drama. It has shown a tendency, in the handling of John Fox, Jr. and others, to reduce itself to code, part melodramatic, part sentimental. Melodrama and overt sentiment, it is true, have their place in the mood and speech of the mountaineers. But they do not follow the formula of the cities or the movies. Rarely have they been expressed so naturally or idiomatically as in this novel by Mr. Hough. Oddly enough, it is the characterisation and speech of the "fotch-ons," including the Marcia Haddon, who is supposed to be so wonderful, that are artificial and perfunctory. The mountaineers, especially that pair of ancients the indomitable Granny Joslin and the confidential Granny Williams, are extraordinarily in character. And throughout the book one gets always the sense of that fact which it is hardest for outsiders to comprehend —of the Cumberland region as a backwater in which the old stock, imprisoned like landlocked salmon, have bred and interbred to the point of crowding and to the edge of madness. Through all these mountains, with their creek-bottom roads and their crude ways of living, exists veritable congestion. There is not cultivable land enough on the hillsides to go round; people may hail each other almost from door to door throughout the whole region. And until very recently there has been no chance either for them to get out or to get "larnin'." What then was there for an active adventurous people but to take refuge in their fierce white "moonshine" and in the drama of their internal feuds? All this we must have an inkling of in order to get the atmosphere of this story. One exception, however, must be taken to the writer's interpretation of these strange kinsmen of ours. For the purposes of his tale he has condensed say the past twenty years into the past five. Twenty years ago the conditions under which his narrative opens were common in the Kentucky mountains. Since then "ways out" have been found for many of the more ambitious mountaineers. The railroads have crept inward toward those lonely creeks and mountains. Above all, "larnin'" has come, by way of numerous "settlement schools," to which the people have flocked with all the eagerness attributed to David Joslin's people.

*The Way Out. By Emerson Hough. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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And under all these new influences and a consequent change in public opinion, the feud spirit has dwindled and the actual practices of the feudists have ceased to be common. Mr. Hough compresses this gradual process into a few years. David Joslin, the ignorant mountaineer, somehow gets a glimpse of his people's almost hopeless slavery to conditions, and sets himself to find the "way out." He gets learning as quickly as may be, and returns to the mountains to put an end to the local feud and enlist the whole neighbourhood in his plans for a great school. His enterprise is well under way when the call to arms in the present war rings out. David Joslin responds at the head of his men, and we see them marching forth to take their part in the great world's destiny. There at least is a way out!

THE GOSSIP SHOP

It's not done to-day—to profess open affection for the classics. We know that and we are discreet. We know furthermore that even the most Latin of devotions do not provide the pedagogical calories established as a daily bottle-ration, so to speak, for the CHILD MIND by the Rockefeller School. (We capitalise child mind here because it seems to express a subtle quality of our thought that is not in the mere words. This so often happens with our words, we find.) To change the metaphor, the new school IDEA (same reason for CAPS—they are ours) does not find in Horatian exercises the dutch cleanser of the child BRAIN PAN (see above). The brain pan must SHINE either with or like new dollars.

All of which is melancholy to the classicist. We know one who mourns it constantly. "Did you ever think," he says, "how well your kid would understand the *Iliad* after reading that story in yesterday's *Sun* about the crew of the *Beluga?* And say, what a bully time he'd have with the *Æneid* on one side and with Pershing's story of the great American gymkhana on the other! And Ovid, you know—some aviator. . . ." He sighed. "Start a school myself—kids don't know what they're missing, worse luck. Everything in waxed-paper parcels, these days. No real guts."

He rumbled. The storm was over. Thereupon we were treated to a glimpse of the cause. It was a poem in two hundred and sixty-three Latin hexameters by one Père Lorenzo Rocci, professor in the College of Mondragon, Italy. In spirited verse the professor had recounted the glories of the Italian navy. He matched aces, so to speak, with Homer and Virgil, and had a pretty good case to make out for the modern heroes.

"See what he says of the ruin-casting winged engine," whereupon the Classicist quoted:

> . . . prius ignotis volitans nunc machina pennis
> Dædalea potior majorque ope, in æra sæpe
> Sublime audacea tollit, jactare ruinam
> Unde queant pariter miseris terrisque versique.

"If the stage was properly set, as it could be with all the information we have, wouldn't you swallow this

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whole along with any dishes of Virgil and the rest on the side? Course you would or you wouldn't be a real kid. Take it from me," said the Classicist in peroration, "all this vocational desiccation is throwing away a *live* thing for something done up in a sealed package, no-hand-can-touch-it kind of stuff. Department store minds I call 'em!"

He banged away, forgetting the professorial hexameters.

"Perhaps he's right," we thought. "But it would never do to say so."

* * * * * *

"As I write it is Saturday afternoon and the sun is shining divinely and the Germans are thirty-nine miles away—plus a few—and beyond my balcony an avenue of trees throws long shadows across a green field, and in the green field hidden by the trees I hear a baseball crack and the voices of our young barbarians at play, shouting the familiar jargon of the diamond into the astonished ears of France. Overhead a big yellow dirigible goes buzzing by. To-night there may be an air raid: we had none last night. But nobody will pay much attention to it because it is too much of an old story. Besides we are not worth the German's powder. So some of us will stroll with our girls in the park and others of us will go to the concert in the Y. M. C. A., and I will probably go and drink an extremely late dish of tea with a Frenchwoman and her English niece who was born in Odessa. Such are the horrors of war!"

Thus H. G. Dwight, who is a field clerk in the American army in France, in a recent letter to a friend. THE BOOKMAN is hoping the censor may relent enough to permit Mr. Dwight the writing of some sketches of the people who have opened their hearts first to "the fountain pen army" and now to *le bas' bal'*.

* * * * * *

The *Atlantic Monthly* has apparently set a fashion for the moving of publishing houses and magazines to more commodious quarters. It is pleasant to observe that not even the rigours of war-time economy have as yet persuaded the Allies to agree with Mr. Owen Meredith that "we can do without books."

* * * * * *

Small, Maynard and Company announce their recent removal to "the top of Boston's historic Beacon Hill," with an increased staff to support the new grandeur. And the erstwhile Chicago *Dial* has not only braved the difficulties of transportation and moved to New York, but is to make the further change to weekly publication, beginning on October 3d.

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The new *Dial* is to include discussions of internationalism and reconstruction in industry and education; it will be interested in principles rather than in temporary political issues. With such men as John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen, and Randolph Bourne on the staff, even the clearest-minded of contributors may find himself standing on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-first Street trying to determine whether his invitation to editorial high-tea came from Mr. Croly or Mr. Bourne.

We mention high-tea because rumour has it that the *Dial* is planning a refectory in its new home where authors may drop in and drop out, carve their initials upon—no, ex-

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cuse us, that is done only in *The Bellman* grotto. At any rate tea, smoky Souchon perhaps; or whatever it is that tastes as though it had bacon boiled with it; and talk you may be sure. Such talk! A Catharine window, maybe, with a bit of stained glass; fumed oak and a fireplace. You get it? We have only the rumour, but it is good rumour, well-bushed, so to speak.

This association of food and editorship intrigues us. They have so little in common, historically speaking, of course. As is well known, the *New Republic* leads a sort of conventual life—that is, the staff. The community, the editors, that is, eat in a charming refectory of dim lights. They hardly constitute an order, in the ecclesiastical meaning, because they take no special vows either of poverty or obedience. *Association cultuelle* fairly describes them. And when there is "silence for lunch," to borrow a monastic term, Mr. Hackett sometimes reads aloud, while the community eats, from some such volume as O'Hanlon's *Lives of the Irish Saints.*

* * * * * *

Defiance in the teeth of critics is sometimes a noble virtue, and Miss Amy Lowell is not without merit in the field. But England has produced a critic and a critique which she may well tremble before. In a small brochure Mr. W. Bryer inquires "if there is any limit to the range and wideness of Miss Lowell's mind." "I am dumbed (sic) with admiration as I read these poems," he says. "To attempt to speak of them is to be oppressed with failure—the impossibility of any adequate praise. . . . I have no doubt the future will rank Miss Lowell among the great poets of all ages."

It was only a few years ago that that very acute observer, G. Lowes Dickinson, had some comments to pass on Western civilisation which struck a rather disturbing balance between the East and the West. His thesis, set forth arrestingly in *Appearances,* is worth looking up at a time when all values, social, political and moral, are under painful scrutiny. Now comes Tagore calling in question the iron dogs on our front lawns, the nickel fittings in our bathrooms, the onyx in our apartment lobbies, the coins in our pockets, and the cars in our garages. Does he realise the devastation of his thought? Do we not sit upon these things as upon a firmament? Hear him:

"In the judgment of history we Oriental peoples are the chief witnesses who will be able to speak the truth without fear, disagreeable as that may appear to us. Our voice is not authoritative; it has no arms to back it. It is the voice of the humble which puts its reliance upon the force of truth. . . .

"Europe is great. She has been aided by her situation, her climate, her races in producing a rich and beautiful history, power of beauty and of liberty. The nature of the soil there has caused man to expand his forces without abandoning his spirit to a passive fatalism. The energy and audacity of his children do not limit his plans. They also possess an intelligence that is coherent and positive, a sense of proportion in their creations, and a sense of realism in their aspirations. They have scrutinised the secrets of existence, they have measured and mastered them. . . .

"Europe is so conscious of her greatness that she can conceive of no source of weakness. History has

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revealed peoples who forgot their souls in the pride and the enjoyment of their riches. They were not aware of their error, because material things and institutions assured to them such magnificence that all their attention was focussed beyond themselves. . . .

"Actual war has sounded to Europe warning of the fact that her possessions have taken the place of the finest of her truths. If she would be regenerated, she must return to her soul and to her God. She must accomplish her mission in spreading her ideals throughout all the continents of the earth, in no longer sacrificing them to her appetite for riches and domination."

* * * * * *

Have you ever craned your neck over a fellow passenger's shoulder, with a "satiable curiosity" to discover the name of the book he was reading, that you might infer his character therefrom, and then found that the damsel with flyaway ringlets was perusing a work on archæology, while the grey beard opposite was deep in Elinor Glyn? Fascinating game, no less for its surprises than for its happy premonitions.

Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., has taken the investigation more seriously, and has communicated the results to the *Westminster Gazette*. He has been making notes of the sort of books read by passengers, male and female, in the tubes, undergrounds, trams, and buses of London, and tabulating the information.

But cannot the scope of the research be expanded, with increased sociological value? For instance, here is the opportunity to test the relation of affluence to intelligence: what is the difference between day-coach and Pullman literature? Do men show a preference for "virile" fiction, or does this bait the robust college girl? Do people read books which reflect their temperaments, or does the law of contrast prevail? Do business men read stories about captains of industry; does anyone read novels of High Society?

Is a reader's choice of a book a lottery or does he take advice? Whose? What does he think of Mr. Overton's *Sun* burst; or Mr. Smyth's *Times* clock that ticks for all without alarm; or Mr. Davis's *Post* scriptures? If he has a mind, why doesn't he tell us about it? Voiceless and inscrutable reader, speak up!

* * * * * *

"They seem to be genteel, sensible men," wrote Washington in a message to Congress in 1776 about the French; but he was inclined to wonder what on earth to do with the enthusiastically helpful Lafayette. Later his half-hearted acceptance of French aid underwent a decided change; he found the French soldiers "old in war, very strict in military etiquette, and apt to take fire where others scarcely seemed warmed."

When France was kindling to the opportunity to strike a blow for liberty, King Frederick of Prussia, whose aid the Americans sought to secure, would not relent for fear, he said, of much inconvenience for himself. "I shall make no haste," wrote this monarch in 1777, "but wait and take whichever side fortune favours."

Washington's words concerning the relations between the French and American armies ring prophetic today. "They seem actuated by one spirit, that of supporting the honour of the allied armies. . . . It may, I believe, with much truth he said

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that a greater harmony between two armies never subsisted than that which has prevailed between the French and Americans since the first junction of them."

M. J. J. Jusserand, who gathers these precious threads of history and weaves them together in his *With Americans of Past and Present Days*, has placed us under a new debt of thanks to France and her Ambassador at Washington.

MOTHER CAREY

C. FOX-SMITH

As LATE I went a-walking, a-walking by the sea,
I thought I heard men talking, I heard them call to me:
"Oh, sorrow take the city streets and the weary city stones,
It's time for you to leave them while the strength is in your bones."

Ah, shake and wake her, Johnnie, there's the ship for you,
Lying in the Royal Roads waiting for the crew,
And every brace and backstay is singing soft and low,
"Mother Carey wants you and you're all bound to go!"

As late I went a-strolling, a-strolling by the shore,
And thought of ports I'd like to see I haven't seen before,
Across the Strait the lighthouse kept winking fine and free
To show me where the road is that leads to open sea.

Ah, shake and wake her, Johnnie, yonder where she rides,
Lying in the Royal Roads swinging with the tides,
Singing with the muttering tides that past her cables flow,
"Mother Carey wants you and you're all bound to go!"

As late I went a-walking, a-walking by the tide,
I thought my love was with me and walking at my side;
So kind she did reproach me, so sweet her eyes did shine,
Yet could not hold beside her this restless heart of mine.

"Ah, shake and wake her, Johnnie!" . . . don't you hear them calling
Out across the Royal Roads and the dusk a-falling!
Time and time for me to leave you though I love you so;
Mother Carey wants us and we're all bound to go!

All bound to go, Johnnie, all bound to go,
If it's late or early, lad, if you will or no,
Sure as sun will rise, Johnnie, sure as tides do flow,
When Mother Carey wants us we're all bound to go!

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THE ESSENTIALS OF A WAR LIBRARY

Suppose you were told that you might have on your shelves twenty-five books of history dealing with the war and twenty-five of general literature also concerning the war—no more. What would you choose? THE BOOKMAN *addressed this inquiry to a number of literary critics and history experts, and we print below some of the early lists received. The differences of opinion make the selections of unusual interest. For the casual reader, as well as for the person who is charged with the responsibility of selecting books for students or libraries, this nucleus of essential war books should have particular value. We shall have a number of other groups in later issues of* THE BOOKMAN.

WAR HISTORY

List sent by Professor William Stearns Davis, of the University of Minnesota, of the Committee of Public Information, and author of *Roots of War.*

The New Maps of Europe, H. A. Gibbons; The Origins of the War, 1871-1914, J. H. Rose; England and Germany, 1740-1914, B. E. Schmitt; The Diplomatic Background of the War, Charles Seymour; The Evidence in the Case, J. M. Beck; The History of Twelve Days, J. W. Headlam; Germany and England, J. A. Cram; Ordeal by Battle, F. S. Oliver; The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey, Gilbert Murray; Belgium, Neutral and Loyal, Emile Waxweiler; The Provocation of France, J. C. Bracq; Greater Italy, 1858-1916, W. K. Wallace; Alsace-Lorraine under German Rule, C. D. Hazen; Germany Since 1740, G. M. Priest; Bismarck and German Unity, Monroe Smith; What Is Wrong with Germany? W. H. Dawson; The German Empire Between Two Wars, Fife; Germany and the Next War (translation), F. A. I. von Bernhardi; German World Policies (translation), Paul Rohrbach; The Hapsburg Monarchy, Henry Wickham Steed; The Ottoman Empire, William Miller; The Eastern Question, J. A. R. Marriott; Brief History of Poland, Julia S. Orvis; The Expansion of Russia, F. H. Skrine; Modern Russian History, Alexander Kornilov.

GENERAL LITERATURE OF THE WAR

List sent by Burton Rascoe, Literary Editor of the Chicago *Tribune:*

ESSAYS

The Notebook of a Neutral, Joseph Medill Patterson, as the sanest, most pragmatic statement of an American point of view as to our ties with England and France.

When Blood Is Their Argument, Ford Madox Hueffer, as the most poignant and best written indictment of Prussianism and of the German idea which has so far appeared.

The Things Men Fight For, H. H. Powers, as the clearest critical examination of the various factors which enter into a declaration of war.

A Survey of the International Relations between the United States and Germany, James Scott Brown, as the most concise and most complete selection of documents relating to the outbreak of the war and subsequent diplomatic events.

The Ways of War, T. M. Kettle, as an exceptionally well-written and interesting series of essays by a young Irishman who has since been killed in the war.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

The First Hundred Thousand, Ian Hay; Kitchener's Mob, James Normal Hall; Between the Lines, Boyd Cable. These three as humourous sidelights upon the character of that delightful fighting-man, Mr. Thomas Atkins, and as illuminating portrayals of England's early crude attempts to adapt herself to the business of war.

My Home In the Field of Honor, Frances Wilson Huard, as an interesting picture of the early days of war in France, written by a non-combatant.

Under Fire, Henri Barbusse, as the record of a sensitive artist's reaction to war, and war conditions; compare it with The First Hundred Thousand, wherein all the unpleasantness Barbusse describes is taken

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for granted and even made the occasion for humour.

The Glory of the Trenches, and Carry On, Coningsby Dawson, as representing another reaction to the war—that of intense spiritual experience.

POETRY

Ardours and Endurances, Robert Nichols; In Flanders Fields, John McCrae; A Treasury of War Poetry, edited by George Herbert Clark.

TECHNICAL

Warfare of Today, Lieut.-Col. Paul Azan, as the most interesting and informative work on modern warfare, intelligible to layman as well as expert.

The War of Positions, Lieut.-Col. Paul Azan, as an authoritative work on modern warfare for those who are interested in the technical as well as the superficial side of the game.

The Student in Arms, Donald Hankey, as the one book which should be in the hands of every man in every branch of the service.

FICTION

The War, Madame, Paul Géraldy; The Return of the Soldier, Rebecca West; The Pretty Lady, Arnold Bennett, as representing three very different aspects of war. I thought of including *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, by H. G. Wells, but I hold to the belief that it is of little value either as fiction or as philosophy or as a picture of conditions.

JOURNALISTIC

The Assault, Frederick William Wile, as a rapidly moving, highly coloured account of the opening of hostilities, by an American newspaper correspondent located in Berlin at the outbreak of the war; valuable if taken with a grain or so of salt.

To these might be added, to complete a list of twenty-five:

The Long Trick, Bartimeus, as a good account of the activity of the British navy, and descriptions of service on the seas.

War and the Coming Peace, Morris Jastrow, Jr., as a tenable thesis as to the meaning the war has taken and the prospects of enduring peace.

Comrades in Courage, Lieutenant Antoine Redier.

List sent by Grant M. Overton, Literary Editor of the New York *Sun:*

FICTION

Mr. Britling Sees It Through, H. G. Wells; The Tree of Heaven, May Sinclair; Professor Latimer's Progress, Simeon Strunsky; Sonia, Stephen McKenna.

VERSES

Ardours and Endurances, Robert Nichols; The Old Huntsman, Siegfried Sassoon; City Ways and Company Streets, Private Charles Divine; The Muse in Arms, Anthology.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE BOOKS

The New Book of Martyrs, Georges Duhamel; Under Fire, Henri Barbusse; Men in War, Andreas Latzko; Comrades in Courage, Antoine Redier; Winged Warfare, W. A. Bishop.

GENERAL WAR LITERATURE

Do not read any books which are based upon speculation as to the outcome of the war, or that deal with projects for peace leagues or peace settlements. Do not concern with books which purport to explain the origin of the war or attempt to assign the blame for it. In other words, avoid postmortems and castles in the air. Read all the good war fiction you can, such as Mary Roberts Rinehart's *The Amazing Interlude*, and read discriminatingly the books of personal experiences. Try to read and grasp books on war finance, such as *Credit of the Nations*, by J. Laurence Laughlin. Get hold of books dealing with war control of industry.

List sent by Charles Hanson Towne, Editor of *McClure's:*

The Spirit of France, Owen Johnson; Poems of the Great War, edited by J. W. Cunliffe; The Amazing Interlude, Mary Roberts Rinehart; Scars and Stripes, Porter Emerson Browne; The White Morning, Gertrude Atherton; The Tree of Heaven, May Sinclair; Over the Top, Arthur Guy Empey; Under Fire, Henri Barbusse; The Land of Deepening Shadow, Thomas D. Curtin; Missing, Mrs. Humphry Ward; With the Allies, Richard Harding Davis; Mr. Britling Sees It Through, H. G. Wells; Gallipoli, John Masefield; The First Hundred Thousand, Major Beath; Getting Together, Major Beath; The Full Measure of Devotion, Dana Gatlin; Where Do You Stand? Herman Hagedorn; Shot With Crimson, George Barr McCutcheon; Fear God and Take Your Own Part, Theodore Roosevelt; Belgium, Brand Whitlock; My Four Years in Germany, James W. Gerard; Five Months on a German Raider, F. G. Trayes; Obstacles to Peace, S. S. McClure; A Hilltop on the Marne, Mildred Aldrich; Efficiency, Robert H. Davis and P. P. Sheehan.

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BRIEF MENTION OF NEW BOOKS

WAR

The U-Boat Hunters, by James B. Connolly (Charles Scribner's Sons, $1.50).

Flotilla narrative and humour.

My Boy in Khaki, by Della Thomson Lutes (Harper and Brothers, $1.00).

Another story of "Over Here" with a service flag.

My Four Weeks in France, by Ring W. Lardner (Bobbs-Merrill Company, $1.25).

A humourous reporter's account of life at the front.

The Koehler Method of Physical Drill, by Captain W. H. Wilbur (J. P. Lippincott Company, $1.00).

An adequate system of win-the-war calisthenics.

Letters from an American Soldier to His Father, by Curtis Wheeler (Bobbs-Merrill Company).

A close-up of modern warfare by a blithe young military student.

Ten Months in a German Raider, by Captain John Stanley Cameron (George H. Doran Company, $1.25).

The true adventures of an American sea captain, his wife and child, taken captive by a German raider.

Life in a Tank, by Richard Haig, M.C. (Houghton Mifflin Company, $1.25).

Chapters from a captain's diary.

FICTION

Mimi. A Story of the Latin Quarter in War-time, by J. U. Giesy (Harper and Brothers, $.75).

The war romance of an artist's model.

Abraham's Bosom, by Basil King (Harper and Brothers, $.50).

A metaphysical story of a *post mortem* vision.

The Toll of the Road, by Marion Hill (D. Appleton and Company, $1.50).

A small-town girl's reactions to life on the boards.

Shot with Crimson, by George Barr McCutcheon (Dodd, Mead and Company, $1.00).

A tragic tale of German intrigue in an American home.

The Yellow Dog, by Henry I. Dodge (Harper and Brothers, $.50).

The wholesome story of a patriotic impulse.

Marie Grubbe, by Jens Peter Jacobsen (Boni and Liveright, $1.50).

The Danish masterpiece, in a notable translation.

In the Midst of Life, by Ambrose Bierce (Boni and Liveright, $1.50).

Tales of soldiers and civilians.

Bertha Garlan, by Arthur Schnitzler (Boni and Liveright, $.60).

An Austrian problem novel of subtle characterisation.

The Man Who Survived, by Camille Marbro (Harper and Brothers, $1.35).

A study in sex psychology, involving a dual personality.

Her Country, by Mary R. S. Andrews (Charles Scribner's Sons, $.50).

A short story of the Liberty Loan.

POETRY

Farm Voices, by Don C. Seitz (Harper and Brothers, $1.00).

Bucolic verse with amusing pen-and-ink sketches.

From the Front, by Clarence E. Andrews (D. Appleton and Company).

Romantic, realistic, and elegiac verse from the trenches.

A Year with the Birds, by Alice E. Ball (Dodd, Mead and Company, $3.00).

A cycle of descriptive and narrative bird verse, illustrated in colours.

BIOGRAPHY

George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works, by Archibald Henderson (Boni and Liveright, $1.50).

A replica of the first edition.

The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft, by George Gissing (Boni and Liveright, $.60).

Meditations embodying the fruit of the author's experience.

The Life and Times of Stephen Girard, by John Bach McMaster (J. P. Lippincott Company).

The story of the mariner and merchant, in two volumes.

INDUSTRIAL

Sewing and Textiles, by Annabell Turner (D. Appleton and Company, $1.75).

A concise handbook of instructions, fully illustrated.

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Food and Freedom, by Mabel D. Purdy (Harper and Brothers, $1.00).

A compact presentation of wartime food knowledge.

POLITICS

President Wilson's Foreign Policy, by James Brown Scott (Oxford University Press, $3.50).

Messages, addresses, and papers, with appendix.

The Eastern Question, by J. A. R. Marriott, M.A. (Oxford University Press, $5.50).

An historical study in European diplomacy.

Japan, by Robert P. Porter (Oxford University Press, $2.25).

The history of the rise of a modern power.

A Community Centre, by Henry E. Jackson (Macmillan Company, $1.00).

An argument for mobilisation for national defence.

Why Prohibition? by Charles Stelzle (George H. Doran Company, $1.50).

An economic study of the liquor problem.

Maids, Wives, and Widows, by Rose Falls Bres (E. P. Dutton and Company, $2.00).

A readable presentation of advanced laws for women.

ESSAYS

The Classical Influence in English Literature in the Nineteenth Century, by William Chislett, Jr. (Stratford Company, $1.50).

A scholar's informal summary and estimate.

An Appeal to Conscience, by Kelly Miller (Macmillan Company, $.60).

A plea for the negro, on the ground of reason and justice.

Worrying Won't Win, by Montague Glass (Harper and Brothers, $1.50).

Current politics, society, and art in the idiom of the garment trade.

SCIENCE

Morbid Fears and Compulsions, by H. W. Frink, M.D. (Moffat, Yard and Company, $4.00).

Concrete analyses of psychic cases.

Exercise and Set-Up, by Samuel Delano (Four Seas Company, $2.00).

A physician's analysis of physiology in relation to environment, illustrated.

HISTORY

Portugal, Old and Young, by George Young (Oxford University Press, $2.25).

An historical study—a sidelight on Portugal at war.

Italy, Mediaeval and Modern, by E. M. Jamison, C. M. Ady, K. D. Vernon, and C. S. Terry (Oxford University Press, $2.90).

A general sketch to precede detailed study.

JUVENILE

Strange Stories of the Great River, by Johnston Grosvenor (Harper and Brothers, $1.00).

Real adventures of a French boy in America in the days of Indian romance.

Jim Spurling, Fisherman, by Albert W. Tolman (Harper and Brothers, $1.25).

High adventure in camp and canoe, off the Maine coast.

ART

Beyond Architecture, by A. Kingsley Porter (Marshall Jones and Company, $2.00).

Fragments of a new architectural criticism.

The Art of Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symons (Boni and Liveright, $.60).

A little book of characteristic illustrations, with critical preface.

The Meaning of Architecture, by Irving K. Pond (Marshall Jones and Company, $2.00).

An essay in constructive criticism.

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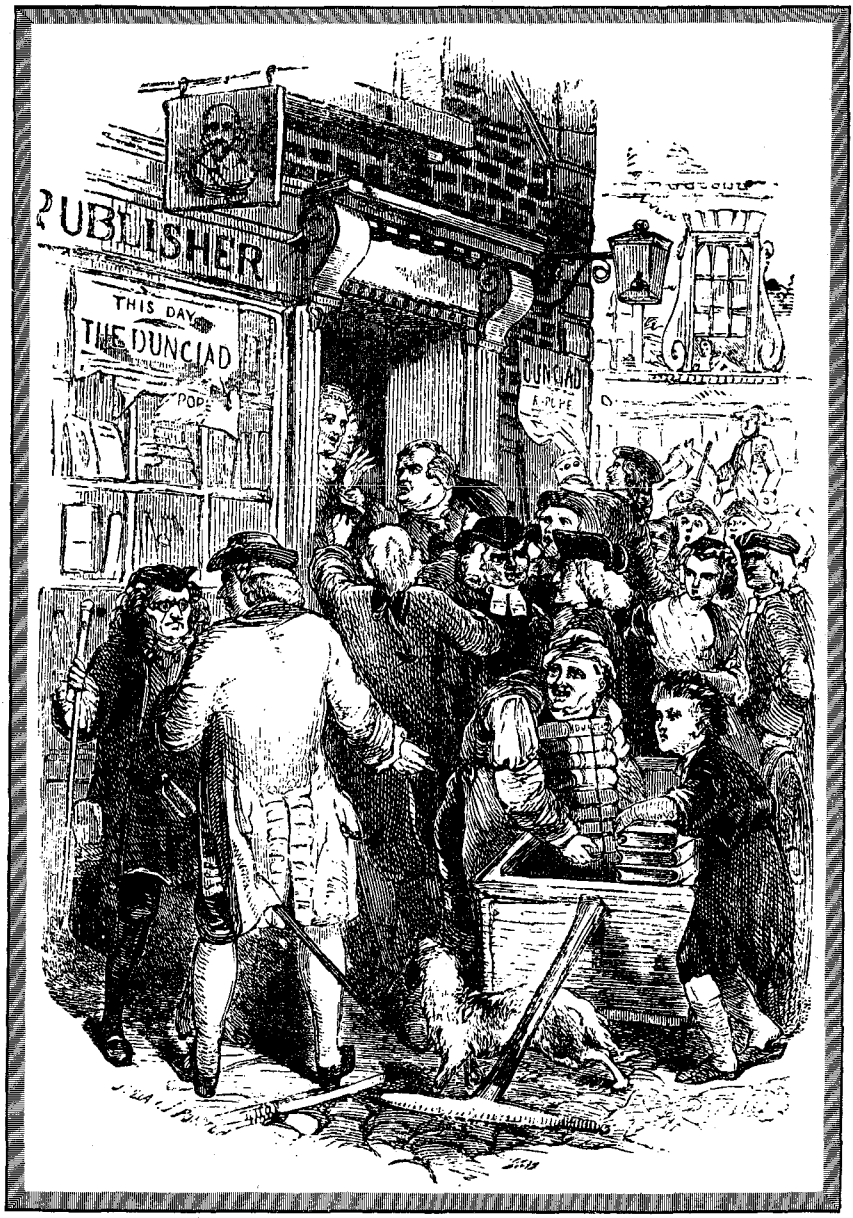

Crowd of authors besieging the publishers to prevent the publication of the "Dunciad"

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOOKSTORE, page 615

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